

CHIMES



SCITUATE HIGH SCHOOL

1941



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Chimes

SCITUATE HIGH SCHOOL

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Frederick A. Calkin

We take great pleasure in dedicating this issue of the "Chimes" to Mr. Calkin, whose efficient leadership and friendly cooperation have been a constant source of inspiration to us throughout our high school years.



FIRST ROW: Miss Vines, Miss Harrington, Mr. Samuelson, Mr. Calkin, Mr. Gillespie, Miss Gile, Miss Giles

SECOND ROW: Miss Dudley, Miss Kingsbury, Mr. Atkinson, Miss Hawkes, Miss Cunneen, Mrs. Arnold

THIRD ROW: Miss Maxim, Mr. Sandberg, Mr. Stewart, Mr. Whitmore, Miss Walker

THE FACULTY

FREDERICK A. CALKIN, B.S., ED. M.	Principal
MICHAEL B. GILLESPIE, B.S., M.A.	Sub-Master, Mathematics
C. O. ATKINSON, B.S.	Economics, Commercial Subjects, Mathematics
BARBARA ARNOLD, B.S. IN ED.	Art
ANNE L. CUNNEEN, Hyannis Teachers College	English
BESSIE M. DUDLEY, A.B.	English
ELEANOR GILE, A.B.	English, History
ELIZABETH GILES, B.S. IN ED.	Civics, History, Penmanship
ESTHER M. HARRINGTON, A.B., ED.M.	Latin, French
RUTH E. HAWKES, B.S.	Commercial Subjects
MARY S. KINGSBURY, B.S.	Household Arts
DOROTHY L. MAXIM, B.S. IN ED.	Geography, Hygiene
JOHN SAMUELSON, MUS. B., ED.M.	Music, Mathematics, Science
NELS H. SANDBERG, Training School for Teachers of Mechanic Arts	Practical Arts
EDWARD L. STEWART, A.B.	Latin, Biology, Physical Training
VIRGINIA VINES, B.S. IN PHYS. ED.	Physical Training, History
CLARE WALKER, B.S.	Mathematics, Science
EDWARD W. WHITMORE, B.S. IN ED., ED.M.	Science



FIRST ROW: A. Barry, P. Sylvester, E. Burrows, E. Bartlett, A. Barnes, A. Gillespie, P. Norton

SECOND ROW: F. McClean, O. Brown, J. Whittaker, D. Anderson, B. Hattin, C. Manning, F. Williams, M. Hattin, J. Brown, E. McClean, R. Holcomb

THIRD ROW: M. Miles, J. Walsh, P. Butler, R. Damon, C. Leith, J. Welch, K. Vining, R. Barnard

CHIMES STAFF

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

Eudora Bartlett

Assistant Editors

Abbie Barnes Elmer Burrows

Business Managers

James Welch Kenneth Vining

Assistant Business Managers

Julia Brown Jane Whittaker

Literary Editors

Cornelia Leith Betty Hattin

Sports Editors

Pauline Sylvester Richard Damon

Art Editor

Marjorie Hattin

Dramatic Editors

Ann Barry

Exchange Editor

Doris Anderson

Joke Editors

Pat Butler

Matthew Miles

Jerome Walsh

Class Editors

Class of 1941

Eleanor McLean

7A

Robert Holcomb

Class of 1942

Richard Barnard

7B

Forbes McLean

Class of 1943

Frances Williams

8A

Ora Brown

Class of 1944

Amalia Gillespie

8B

Carmel Manning

Alumni Editor

Jeanne Hendrickson

The Good Ship "Seniors of 1941"

Eleanor McLean, '41

OUR years ago, we, the graduating class, anchored our ship at Scituate High. We charged our brains with the flaming powder of energy and prepared for a four-year siege to victory. At least, that was our proud intention—and our teachers'! We've passed the crisis of the battle and our flag still waves on high. Although nicked here and there from a few scattered E's and the well-worn path from physics into study hall, unmarred by any dishonorable or cowardly retreat, it mocks the angry breeze. Success is ours!

Our leader in battle this year, Miss Gile, deserves a word of praise. She fought the Civil and World Wars to the end with us, until we emerged, bleeding and tattered, but the victors.

More than worthy of our praises are numerous members without whom the fight would have been lost. Elmer Burrows, our accomplished pianist, and Marie Gillis, our violinist, kept up our courage with their soothing rhythms. Billy Schultz blew his trumpet for us with every breaking of dawn. Here, I'd like to offer the seniors' sincere appreciation of Mr. Samuelson, a new-comer to our ship's glee club and orchestra. He took a common crew and made singing sailors out of them—with a lot of fun thrown in.

Kenneth Vining had full charge of the stable—and his squeaky pig we hear so much about. "Honk" Fallon, chief "taker-and-leaver-aparter," almost sank the ship with his crazy antics—but, he merely grinned, as only he knows how, at our captain, Miss Gile, and the ship was saved. Robert Whittaker was often seen under the moonlight, tearing down the decks, head bent, with a pigskin under his arm. (Hedy Lamarr was at the goal.) Doris Anderson, as champion typist, kept our log book. "Pat" Crowley has kept the crew from starvation with supplies from the First National. Cornelia Leith celebrated Armistice Day by dashing off a little composition—and was awarded with a bright shiny medal. A great deal of admiration and respect must go to Eudora Bartlett. As the winner of the Good Citizenship Award, she was a shining example of diligence and good-sportsmanship in work and play. Ask Edmund Gerard Anthony Ignatius Duffley and Jack Shone about their rather humorous contributions.

Let's take a stroll around the deck on a very sunshiny morning and see what the gobs are doing. "Honk," as usual, is seen swabbing the decks down. "Peanuts" Bonomi, our "Little Man Who Wasn't There," leans against the rail and ponders over who it is Jack Shone is "Just Friends" with. Betty Barber has a dreamy look in her eye as she says "The Only Thing I Want for Christmas." Wonder whom she means? "Twinny" is following close behind "Honk" with a mop and pail. He keeps muttering, "There I Go Again." "Pat" Crowley, "Floating Along on a Bubble," has a wild look in his eyes, as he tries to escape "Dot" Hollis, strolling beside him, chattering wildly about some "Man That Comes Around." It must be her milkman. "Jimmy," Harold Fishwick is sitting in a corner by himself tying love knots. He claims, "Love's Got Me Down Again." "Polly" is telling Charlie, "You May Not Be an Angel," but oh! There go "Connie" and "Dinker" off in a corner again. That's what happens when "Boy Meets Girl." Merrill has decided "He Wants a New Romance." "Andy" says, "It Ain't Necessarily So," that we close this paragraph hut "We Gotta."

The monotony of last year's hattle was hroken by a few social occasions. Our annual senior social, held in the ship's ballroom, went off with a bang. Next in line, was a basketball game, organized to raise funds. "Tom Sawyer" was selected as our class play. With the sailors chosen to portray the various characters, it was a hilarious success. At present, our emotions are primed up for the closing graduation exercises — which include the senior reception and class trip. A highly important feature of this program is the song by which classes for years to come will remember us. We are more than proud to announce that Elmer Burrows has written hoth the tune and the words to it. It's a song that makes our graduation more dear to us by its simple beauty.

No one could have done his duty better than those who guided the ship's course this year. They are as follows: President, Alden Mitchell; Vice President, Merrill Merritt; Secretary, James Welch; Treasurer, Douglas Willett; Class Adviser, Miss Dudley.

The members of our crew who received honors for their splendid work during the battle were Edward Anderson, Elwin Lane, Eudora Bartlett, Robert Spear, Elmer Burrows, Constance Wade, Harold Fishwick, James Welch, Douglas Willett.

Our honorable mention students also deserve much credit. They are Howard Burleigh, Orin Gould, Cornelia Leith.

Our last hope is that we've been a credit to the battle. Strange as it may seem, this is a sad time of year for us. We are leaving teachers and friends that will never be forgotten, to embark on another ship, and sail, a little fearfully, into a different, harder, and strange new world. As we sail our course, may we set a good example for other sailors in battles yet to come.

DORIS ANDERSON

Secretarial Course.

Assistant Business Manager of *Chimes*, 3; Exchange Editor of *Chimes*, 4; Hockey, 3, 4; Basketball, 4; Stage Crew Senior Class Play, 4.

EDWARD ANDERSON

College Course.

President A. A., 4; Football, 3, 4; Transferred from Boston Latin School, 3.



BETTY BARBER

Secretarial Course.

Manager of Hockey, 4.

ANNE BARRY

Commercial Course

Dramatic Editor of *Chimes*, 4; Manager of Basketball, 4; Glee Club, 1, 2; Dramatics, 4.

EUDORA BARTLETT

College Course.

Class Editor of *Chimes*, 2; Assistant Editor of *Chimes*, 3; Editor of *Chimes*, 4; Hockey, 2, 3, 4; Basketball, 3; Dramatics, 4.

RETH BATES

Secretarial Course.

Glee Club, 1; Dramatics, 4.



LAWRENCE BONOMI

General Course.

Manager of Basketball, 4.

HOWARD BURLEIGH

Practical Arts Course.

Scenery, Class Play, 4.

ELMER BURROWS

College Course.

Literary Editor of *Chimes*, 3; Assistant Editor of *Chimes*, 4; Tennis, 1, 2, 3, 4; Captain of Tennis, 3; Manager of Tennis, 3, 4; Orchestra, 1, 2, 3, 4; Glee Club, 1, 4; Dramatics, 4.

WINONA CHANDLER

General Course.

Basketball, 1; Glee Club, 3, 4; Transferred from Middleboro High School, 4.



LUCIANO CONTE
Practical Arts Course.
Baseball, 2; Football, 4; Glee Club,
1, 3, 4.

JEROME CROWLEY
Scientific Course.
Vice-President, 3; Manager of Base-
ball, 4.



PAULINE DONOVAN
Secretarial Course.
Tennis, 2, 4.

EDMUND DUFFLEY
Practical Arts Course.



HAROLD FISHWICK
Commercial Course.
Glee Club, 1, 2, 3, 4.

ELEANOR FRIESE
Secretarial Course.
Glee Club, 1.

HERBERT FRIESE, JR.
Scientific Course.
Vice-President of Camera Club, 3;
Dramatics, 4.

ORIN GOULD
College Course.
Transferred from Central Junior
High School, Quincy, 1.



MARGERY HERBERT
Secretarial Course.
Glee Club, 1, 2; Prompter, Tri-
Town Plays, 4.

DOROTHY HOLLIS
Secretarial Course.
Glee Club, 1, 2, 3, 4.

CHARLES JARVIS
College Course.
President, 3; Football, 4; Dramatics, 4. Transferred from St. John's Prep., 3.



ELWIN LANE
College Course.

ELEANOR JENKINS
Commercial Course.
Secretary, 2; Hockey, 2, 3, 4; Dramatics, 4.



CORNELIA LEITH
College Course.
Literary Editor of *Chimes*, 4;
Hockey, 3.

MABEL LITCHFIELD
Secretarial Course.
Glee Club, 4; Costumes for Senior Class Play, 4.



HENRY MADDEN
General Course.
Scenery, Tri-Town Plays, 4; Scenery, Senior Class Plays, 4.

LAWRENCE MAHONEY
General Course.
Manager of Football, 4.



ELEANOR MCLEAN
College Course.
Class Editor of *Chimes*, 4; Glee Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; Dramatics, 3. Transferred from Jamaica Plain High School, 4.

MERRILL MERRITT
Practical Arts Course.
Vice-President, 2, 4; Joke Editor of *Chimes*, 3; Dramatics, 3, 4.



ALDEN MITCHELL
Practical Arts Course.
President, 2, 4; Vice-President A.A.,
2; Football, 4; Basketball, 2, 3, 4;
Orchestra, 2; Dramatics, 2, 3, 4.

THOMAS PATTERSON
Practical Arts Course.
Football, 4; Baseball, 3, 4; Bas-
ketball, 4; Glee Clnb, 1, 2, 3;
Stage Crew, Senior Class Play, 4.



JEROME QUEENEY
General Course.

WILLIAM SCHULTZ
General Course.
Football, 1, 2, 3, 4; Orchestra, 1, 2,
4; Glee Club, 1; Stage Crew,
Tri-Town Plays, 4.



ELIZABETH SECOR
Secretarial Course,
Glee Clnb, 4.

JACK SHONE
General Course.
Football, 3, 4; Baseball, 4.

ROBERT SPEAR
Scientific Course.
President, 1; Class Editor of
Chimes, 3; Publicity Director
for Senior Class Play, 4.

DOROTHY SYLVESTER
Secretarial Course.
Costumes for Senior Class Play, 4;
Glee Clnb, 4.

PAULINE SYLVESTER
General Course.
Vice-President, 1; Athletic Editor
of *Chimes*, 4; Hockey, 2, 3, 4;
Basketball, 3, 4; Tennis, 4;
Cheer Leader, 4; Glee Club, 4;
Dramatics, 4.

MILDRED TAYLOR
General Course.
Secretary, 3; Secretary, A. A., 1;
Exchange Editor of *Chimes*, 3;
Hockey, 2, 3, 4; Basketball, 2, 3,
4; Captain of Basketball, 3;
Manager of Tennis, 4; Cheer
Leader, 4; Glee Clnb, 1, 4; Dra-
matics, 4.



MARY VINAL
Secretarial Course.
Glee Club, 1, 2; Dramatics, 4.

KENNETH Vining
Secretarial Course.
Business Manager of *Chimes*, 4;
Business Manager of Magazine
Drive, 4; Soccer, 1, 2; Glee Club,
1, 2; Transferred from Whitman
High School, 3.



CONSTANCE WADE
College Course.
Secretary, 1; Class Editor of
Chimes, 1; Basketball, 2, 3; Glee
Club, 2; Prompter, Senior Class
Play, 4.

JAMES WELCH
Secretarial Course.
Secretary, 4; Assistant Business
Manager of *Chimes*, 3; Business
Manager of *Chimes*, 4; Tennis,
3, 4.



ROBERT WHITTAKER
General Course.
Football, 3, 4; Basketball, 2, 3, 4;
Baseball, 2, 3, 4; Glee Club, 1, 2;
Dramatics, 4.

DOUGLAS WILLETT
Scientific Course.
Treasurer, 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball, 2,
4; Publicity Director for Senior
Class Play, 4.



AMY ZOLLIN
General Course.
Basketball, 4.



JOHN FALLON
General Course.
Football, 2, 3, 4.

MARIE GILLIS
Commercial Course.
Orchestra, 2, 3, 4; Glee Club, 2, 3.

LITERARY



EDITORIALS

THE IMPORTANCE OF OUR YOUTH

Eudora Bartlett, '41

War in Europe! — War in Asia! — The Australians at war! These are the headlines of the world today, while we, the people of the United States, live in peace. What do these conditions mean to us, the Seniors of 1941?

With all the world tearing at each other's throats, we have been allowed a youth, not only a period of good times but also of opportunity. The conditions of the world of tomorrow depend on whether or not there is a chance for young people to live normal lives. A young person of today in Europe is growing up with bitterness and hate in his heart. How can he help hating when he is being bombed and torn from home? Childhood with its hope, joy, and lightheartedness is being wiped from the greatest part of the earth today. Can peace be established on such a basis?

The world needs the hope and optimism of the younger generation because it alone can see possibilities of happiness ahead. The old statesmen can see only war and greed in the future for they have grown with those ideas. We need unbiased youth. The joy of being young is a vital factor in the future of the world because it takes a keen sense of optimism to see any pleasantness out of the present turmoil. It will take people who have not become depressed by conditions, weakened by hate and

fear, and tired by the strenuous fight for life, to make the world laugh and enjoy living. It will take every ounce of toleration, one of the blessings of youth, to overcome the prejudices and hates which have been sown.

If we are the only people in the world to be allowed a normal period in which to grow, how great is our responsibility! With all the talk of defense, let us not forget that the hope of peace falls on us. We have more opportunities for jobs, better chances to make money, a surer place in this world, but we also have better opportunities to give the world peace, joy and happiness. We cannot look out into our near future of manhood and womanhood without thinking of the suffering that the rest of the people of our age in the world are bearing. We cannot look out with thought only of self when others are being robbed of their youth, their happiness, their security, and their health. We must do something to change this condition. It isn't hopeless. We must believe in our country, stand up for our ideals, and build a morale that cannot be broken down by dictators, depression, or propaganda. We must live for tomorrow as well as for today.

So as we go forth into the world to make our way, we go with the hope and belief that the headlines of tomorrow will read — Peace in Europe! — Peace in Asia! — Peace over all the world.

CITIZENS OF TOMORROW

Orin Gould, '41

THROUGHOUT the nation the month of June is anxiously awaited by all high school seniors. When June arrives, our long-cherished dream of graduation will become a reality. Although we shall be proud and happy to be members of a graduating class, we cannot but look back on what have perhaps been our happiest years.

From the first grade of school until the year of graduation, the school children of America are taught to become good citizens. Our teachers have taught us the blessings of liberty and democracy. They have shown us what a truly great thing it is to have a country to live in that is free from the social upheaval which is so prevalent in the old world. We have been given the opportunity to learn and judge for ourselves what is right and what is wrong. Most of us have formed opinions of our country, and the standards by which it is run. No more loyal supporters of this great nation can be found than the graduating students of today, who are to be the citizens of tomorrow.

Through the many years of our schooling, we have all been obliged to observe the custom of saluting our flag. In that simple pledge we find embodied the reason that our country has endured through many stormy years. All good Americans know the simple pledge, but it can never be repeated too often. "I pledge allegiance to the flag of the United States of America and to the republic for which it stands, one nation indivisible with liberty and justice for all." The thoughts behind this pledge will endure as long as there is an America, for they are America.

When the graduating students are handed their diplomas, they will have received an instrument that will enable them to make a start toward engraving forever their names on the face plate of the world, as the defenders of right over might. Although we may not all become figures of repute in this mighty nation, we all have a mission to fulfill, which we will try to do to the best of our ability.

Upon the shoulders of America's citizens of the future rests the burden of carrying on the true spirit of Americanism. In a world torn by wars and new orders, this task may seem too great, but it is not if we face the world with a stout heart and a smiling face. Many of us may feel that we are stepping into a world which neither needs us nor wants us, but this is not true; we are needed and will soon find our

place in the world, although its importance rests with us alone.

Of all the graduating classes that have issued forth from high schools through the years, none have had to face times that quite compare with those of today. When we read our newspapers and magazines or listen to the radio, we are engulfed by sights and sounds of bloodshed and hate. In Europe young people of our age are graduating from military schools to the front line trenches, instead of from high school into colleges or jobs. We must strive to make our country a nation of goodwill and prosperity, instead of a nation of hate and greed.

From the East to the West and from the North to the South, America's finest are being groomed for their part on the great stage of life. We shall step forth with courageous hearts to take our place in the whirlwind of destiny.

Before we turn the page on Chapter One of our book of time, we should take one more glance at our high school years. Without the patient hours of study we should not be well prepared for our sojourn into life. In parting, we must not forget our teachers, who with valiant efforts have given us the tools to finish writing our book of time, as America's citizens of tomorrow.

Over there the light of right is burning low. It is your duty and my duty as future citizens to see that America's light of right will never die.

ON THE BOUNDING MAIN

Herbert Friese, '41

How many times have you looked out upon the clear blue summer waters of the ocean and watched little white sailboats gracefully bumping into each other? How many times have you wished to be in one of these boats with your hand on the tiller peacefully sailing here and there? What! Never! Then stop reading right here. ---- Well, now that there're just a few of you left, I'll continue. ---- Ah, but what kind of a boat? If your first thought is a motor boat or a stoneboat, you, too, can stop reading now. Of course, a sailboat! There are many kinds of sailboats; but as the sloop is the commonest and the easiest to handle, that is the kind for you.

Now that you know what to get, how to get it? There are many ways, such as home-building, ordering from a boatyard, or buying second-hand. We'll disregard home-building because if you could build a seaworthy boat, you wouldn't need to read this. Now about

ordering from a boatyard. This method of procuring a boat is the best if, and only if, you don't object to waiting five or six seasons. Remember this: the art of procrastination was developed in the Middle Ages by boatbuilders, and as they have been practising this lazy habit all through the years, they are just about perfect at it now. Buying a boat second-hand is bad business too, for nobody will sell a boat for less than ten times its true value.

Now that I have shown just how impossible it is to get a boat, there's nothing left for you people who don't own one to do except to discontinue your reading unless, of course, you want to continue on general principles.

Now I'll tell you who are left, all about sailing. But before you get into the actual sailing, however, you should know the different parts of the boat and their use. To begin. At the back of the boat, or as you shall henceforth call it, the stern, is a flat, queerly-shaped piece of wood. This is known as a rudder. The rudder has two purposes: first, to steer the boat; and second, to support the tiller. The tiller, in turn, is used to support your hand, which turns the tiller itself, which, in turn, turns the rudder. Do you follow me? Moving forward, you will discover in your path, a seat, or in nautical terms a thwart. The most important thing that this thwart is good for is for sitting upon. That pole before you now is the mast. Those ropes from the top of the mast to the sides of the boat are called shrouds, while that from the bow to the mast is the forestay. It lends moral support to the jib. Those ropes from the jib-clew and the end of the boom are called sheets. Doubtless some of you are wondering what that large, hollow, flatiron-shaped thing underneath you is. Sailors refer to this as the hull. The duty of the hull is to support the rudder, the mast, and at times yourself. The only parts of the boat left undescribed are the centerboard and the halyards. The centerboard prevents side-slip and the halyards are used for hauling up the sails. They may be referred to as halyards, haillards, or those-ropes-up-front-that-pull-up-the-sails.

Now that you are fully acquainted with your little craft, I will begin the preliminary sailing instructions. First: there are five principal sailing maneuvers: running, or going before the wind; reaching, or going across the wind; coming about; jibbing; and capsizing. The latter is not recommended but is inevitable.

Second: a warning, never go sailing when the wind is blowing; it's too dangerous.

Third: forget all that I have told you and take up golf.

MORE OR LESS

Patricia McLean, '43

"A simple little sign," you say,
"What difference can it make?"
But oh, the direful consequence
That follows this mistake
When misplaced minus quantities
Come troup ing in its wake!

For oh, the treacherous minus sign
Must ne'er be trusted far:
'Tis wont to lurk among the terms
And right solutions bar:
Or stand before parentheses
With power to make or mar.

Unlike the plus, this sign will oft
Our hearts with mourning deck,
By making our completed work
An algebraic wreck,
Though we've tried through many precious
hours
In vain, to make it check.

Oh, all ye little Freshmen,
Who hover 'round the gate
Of higher mathematics,
Beware of this sad fate!
And watch the minus quantities,—
Their values estimate.

O'erlook them not in factoring;
Against their trickeries guard.
Else life and school and algebra
Become extremely hard
When you find some misplaced minus
In red, upon your card!

THE HUNT

Fay Joseph, '44

It was a clear October morning. The shrill cry of the hounds proved that the hunt was being made ready.

The distant sound of the bugle was heard. They were off! They cantered down the bright green field, making an exquisite picture — the men in their gay red coats, and the women in their smooth, shiny skirts and caps. The velvet-like coats of the thoroughbreds reflected the warm glow of the sunshine as they galloped along the woodland path.

There was the dismal baying of the hounds. The hunters plunged over the jump, all but one, speeding onward — onward!

At last the dogs picked up a scent! Was it a fox? — Silver or red?

They flew onward over the level meadows and down the shady woodland lanes.

Over one more hill and the prize would be won! Who would obtain it, that silvery fox, to mount it with his other trophies.

The puffing steeds mounted the slope and stared at the hounds that were huddled over the prize.

One rider called out. "The first to arrive gets it."

Four of the most skillful riders reached the scene first. An unpleasant odor filled the air. The prize was a skunk!

"NOW SMILE"

William Bradlee, '42

AMONG the definitely less tastier events of the scholastic season is the annual ordeal of picture taking. Being very unphotogenic, I would go to almost any extreme in an attempt to dodge this terrifying experience. Let me just attempt to describe a typical picture.

I am in a classroom working very, very hard as usual when in prances a member of the high school orchestra, excitedly waving a notice to the effect that the orchestra are going to have their picture taken for the "Chimes." Immediately I sit bolt upright, knocking the books in front of me helter skelter all over the floor, with the definite impulse to run home.

On shaking legs I proceed to exit from the room, almost fainting between the room and the auditorium, where the picture is to be taken. The rest of the orchestra stagger in, and amid the sly glances and knowing smiles of the last group photographed, we are lined up in front of the camera.

If there is any thing that makes cold sweat stand out on my face, that infernal mechanism is it. That is one of the few inventions which to my thinking is a complete drawback to civilization. How any man heartless enough to invent a machine which would harass his fellow men as the camera does can have the audacity to accept the Nobel peace prize is beyond my minute mind.

Being tall, I am placed right smack dab in the dead center, trembling with uncontrollable violent undulations. (Don't bother looking at the orchestra picture to see; take my word for it). The orchestra is arranged and rearranged and finally is judged O.K. That's that.

But I soon find out that isn't that. The orchestra are told to quit fidgeting with their respective instruments. The director is told to put his legs together and to quit pulling his

socks up. The sax player is told to lower his head. The back line is told to cease swaying to and fro, and I'm told to quit hanging on to the kid next to me (little do they know I hang on to keep from collapsing.)

At this point the photographer crawls under the mysterious hood on the camera and feeds us the line that we're the best-looking group to come yet. (Of course everyone in the band is too modest to swallow that.)

We are told to smile; so we all smile, but the picture is not taken until the smiles have all faded away and everyone is looking dumb — well, I look dumb anyway (no cracks please). The toughest thing to do in this world is to smile at a camera when some one is watching you.

The camera clicks, and I am amazed at the fact that it doesn't burst into a flare of flames and completely disintegrate. Another picture ("Happy days," so called — "Everyone smile now") is taken and still no crack appears diagonally across the lens. I conclude they must have special tough cameras for jobs like this.

Then we are told to return to our classes, and I race through corridors anxious to get back to my dear old studies. Soon I find myself lost in some such interesting thing as "The Life of Mamaduke Pipplehoff" or "Berstein's Law of Emotion."

Finally the pictures come out. I take one look at them and think they look like ---- well, take a look yourself.

THE PINES

Cornelia Leith, '41

Down in the meadow when I was small
Three young pines grew along the stone wall.
Tall and straight in the morning sun,
They lived each day as though just begun.
When the wind was blowing and the sun was high,

How they could toss their green heads to the sky
And stoop low to touch their skirts to the earth
Or start shaking together in make-believe mirth.
Two men came through a long while ago.
Said one to the other, "Those three pines must

go."

The sound of their axes rang through the air
Until the trees fell and the sky was bare.
In the meadow the sun no longer shines;
The old stone wall is covered with vines.

* * * * *

Irate customer: "Well, waiter, I suppose I can sit here 'til I starve."

Waiter: "Sorry; no sir, we close at eleven."

TWENTY-ONE DAYS OF NAZI BOMBING

John Wilder, '43

N London the air war started on Sunday, August 18, 1940. From that day until August 27 there were numerous raids which were called nuisance raids, because very few bombs were dropped and damage was slight. All they did was to cause the shops to close while the raids were on. On August 27 London had its first long night raid. These long night raids were continuous until September 16, and later, but that is the date on which I left London, and it is from August 27 until September 16 about which I want to write.

The exact facts in regard to the time of air raids were kept in a diary which I had at the time. It was on the night of Tuesday, August 27, at 9:30 p.m., when the air raid sirens started up their warning to London, and people took shelter in both public and Anderson shelters. The Anderson shelter is about seven feet long, six feet high and five feet wide. It is constructed, inside, of two layers of corrugated iron, and outside, of thirty inches of soil on both sides and fifteen on the top. About three quarters of this shelter is below the ground. This is naturally not bomb-proof, but it is one of the safest shelters, because it is so small.

I went into one of these small shelters, settled down in a corner, and tried to sleep, but the noise of anti-aircraft fire and planes was too great. After a very rowdy night the "raiders passed" signal sounded at 3:40 a.m., on Wednesday. During Wednesday night there were two short alarms. The first one was from 9:30 to 11:50 p.m., and the second was from 12:30 a.m. to 1:10 a.m.: the remainder of the night was quiet. It was two days before the sirens had any more work to do, but on Friday, August 30, there was a series of raids, three during the day and one at night. The times were 11:50 p.m. to 12:33 p.m., 3:18 to 3:35 p.m., and 4:38 to 5:50 p.m. Then there was a lull until 9:10 p.m. when, for the fourth time that day, I had to take shelter. All through the night there was little activity until about 3:30 a.m. I was about to go up to get to bed, when I heard the engines of a German plane, so I quickly got under cover. The next thing I heard was the roar of gunfire and suddenly a sound rather like a very strong wind, which grew into a shrill scream. This is a sound which can be imagined only by actual experience. It finished with four successive explosions. These four bombs fell at a distance of two hundred yards, roughly, from our shel-

ter. They demolished four houses and killed thirteen people. Besides these four houses, thirty-five more had to be pulled down because they had been rendered uninhabitable by cracked walls, and they were nearly in a state of collapse. The "raiders passed" signal sounded at 3:55 a.m., when we went indoors and had a cup of coffee and slept for a short while. It seems hard to believe, but this is true: there were seven tons of glass cleared off the streets, all of it from windows which had been blown out.

On Saturday at 5:55 p.m. the sirens sounded, and I have never heard such a row. For a solid twenty minutes there was a continuous roar of anti-aircraft fire from miles around. The nearest guns to us were a quarter of a mile away, where there was a battery of new 4.7 inch guns. These new guns would fire four shells in succession: there would be a lull, and then they would repeat. With these bigger guns were the normal single-firing guns. Mingled with all this noise was the shrill scream of falling bombs, the crashing of planes nearby, and the noise made by a fighter, zooming into attack, or in a dog fight. When some of this noise had quieted down and the raiders had been driven back, we emerged from our burrow like so many rabbits after the hunter has gone. We saw that a very large building had been blown to bits by a German bomber, which had crashed on it with a full load of bombs. It looked as though the bridge, the only main crossing we had to get over the electric railroad, had been blown up, but it hadn't. This was only one hundred yards from our house. The smoke and dust that was in the air that afternoon and night was terrific. Everybody was walking around with eyes half shut. That night bombing was continued on the same scale. The next morning we discovered that we had no gas, water was running in a very feeble manner, and the electricity would fail for an hour here and there. We couldn't bathe because we had no gas to work the geyser, and above all, we had nothing to cook our meals with. We remained in this condition for the rest of the time I was in London. Now our house has been blown up.

This bombing continued until I left London, and with the same intensity. I had only one whole night's sleep in a bed in the twenty-one days during which I experienced the appalling nature and indiscriminate bombing of the German Air Force.

HOW TO SELL A MAGAZINE IN THREE EASY LESSONS

Jean MacNeil, '43

SELLING a magazine is not as easy as it sounds. Most hopeful young subscription salesmen start out planning to follow the three main rules for successful subscription selling, which are as follows: Display a sparkling personality. Know all about the housewife, also all about the product to be sold. (In other words, know all about everything). Don't give up until you have sold at least one subscription at a house, and even then don't give up.

Of course, it is very hard to display a sparkling personality, especially if you haven't one; and even if you have, it doesn't survive usually after the first encounter. As to the third rule, that is merely figurative. You're lucky if you get up to the door, without trying to sell a subscription after that.

However, according to the reports you hear, it is very simple—you just walk up to a door, knock on it, and when someone comes, you sell a magazine to her—and that's all there is to it.

In reality, that is not the way it happens at all. To be sure, you walk up to the door and knock on it—that is, if you can get through the snow and ice, and past the dog. When you finally get there, you knock timidly. By this time you're all out of breath from running away from the dog, and your knees are shaking over the prospect of meeting the lady of the house.

After quite a while, the door suddenly opens, and you weakly collapse against the housewife, who icily inquires, "Well?"

Finally you manage to stammer, "L-l-lady, would y-you l-like to b-b-b-buy a m-magazine?"

The house wife apparently is not in a very good mood today. She definitely *does not* want to buy a magazine. And she roughly slams the door, incidentally catching your coat in it. You never have a chance to tell her about the beautiful new scoreboard and the advantages to the school and to you.

You stumble off down the walk, and suddenly slip on the ice. While you are trying to pull



yourself together, the dog rushes down on you from out of nowhere.

Ho, hum! The life of a subscription salesman!

* * * *

Mandy: "Rastus, does yo' love me?"

Rastus: "Mandy, yo' is one woman I don't like none other no better than."

* * * *

Writer: How much board will you charge me for a few weeks while I gather material for my new country novel?"

Hiram: "Five dollars a week unless we have to talk dialect,—that's three dollars extra."

* * * *

Mr. Samuelson: "What are you crying for?"

Gannett: "I don't like school an' I gotta stay here till I'm sixteen. Baw!"

Mr. Samuelson: "Don't let that worry you. I've got to stay here till I'm sixty-five."

* * * *

"I want some grapes for my sick husband. Do you know if any poison has been sprayed on these you have?"

"No, ma'am, you'll have to get that at the druggist's."

THREE-THIRTY A.M.

Matthew Miles, '43

"See, this guy Horton knows too much, see?"

"Yeh."

"If he ever lets on he saw us bump that guy, we're done, see?"

"Yeh."

"Don't sit there like a lug and say 'Yeh'."

"Yeh."

"Lemme think."

The speakers were, respectively, Johnny Cole, and Big Carino. You have probably guessed by now at their profession. The place — the famous back room at Beninio's tavern (Corner of Fourth and Elm, open 12 M. to 12 M. No credit. Pay when served). Johnny's brow was ruffled, in fact, practically scalloped. A pair of bushy eyebrows wiggled in despair. Silence reigned. Suddenly Johnny came to life. "Hey!"

"Yeh?"

"Don't they hafta find a corps delectable or somethin' to prove a murder?"

"So what?"

"Well, if they don't find no corps-what-ever-it-is, they can't hang it on us, right? And if we remove him with a bomb or somethin' they won't find nothing — only a hole — and they can't prove nothin' on that."

"Yeh!"

Johnny's eyebrows leaped again. "Look, I gotta nother idea. Musta been those Carter's Little Liver Pills. Say we plant a bomb so it goes off with his alarm clock. That'll be nice. Doc can do it; he's smart. It's perfect. no corps delectable, no bother, no nothing. Now, you go and . . ."

Samuel F. Horton was single, thirtyish, and boarded on the other side of town. He had the dispatcher's trick from 4 a.m. till noon down at the Middletown yards. He had the methodical nature necessary for his job — consequently he was the best man on the tower. With the aid of his alarm clock he was up at 3:30, dressed and away to the yards.

. . . Tuesday. The hands of the bedside clock pointed to twenty-six minutes past three. A gentle snoring emitted from the direction of the bed. The sleeper turned over, grunted, and resumed snoring. Three twenty-seven. The snoring ceased, and the sleeper slowly sat up and looked at the clock. "Oh-oh. It's almost time for the alarm to ring. If that thing ever

went off, it'd wake up everybody." He reached over and pressed a button . . .

. . . Friday. Quarter past three. It had been a hard day at the yards. The sleeper showed no signs of life as the minutes ticked away, inevitable and irretrievable as dripping honey. Grunt. Yawn-n-n. "H'm, almost three-thirty. Well. . . .

. . . Monday. Three twenty-eight. Snore. Three twenty-nine — Suddenly the sleeper was bolt upright. What was that? A mouse or something, probably. "Oh, well, it awakened me in time." The little button was pushed and somewhere the sleeper's guardian angel smiled. You might almost say grinned . . .

Johnny Cole's brow was even more corrugated, if that is conceivable. He was definitely off his feed. "Look, lug, the bomb's been planted three weeks and what happens?"

"Yeah."

"Shuddup. The guy must be lucky or else he gets up early. Gee whiz." He lapsed into apathy, and stared morosely at his beer. Suddenly — "Hey! Whaddya say we go ta his house early some morning and see what the matter is. We'll fix it so's it'll go off when he's asleep. He probahly gets up about seven. Look, I'll meet you at about quarter past three at . . ."

Samuel F. Horton sat on the edge of his bed and carefully held his throbbing head in his hands. An empty aspirin bottle stood beside the alarm clock. He spoke. "Boy, what a cold. If I don't get rid of it fast, I'll be off this shift fast. Hope I don't oversleep." He stretched out and turned out the light . . .

. . . Early morning. A whisper stole through the darkness. "Are ya there, Johnny?"

"No, this is me, dope. You planted the bomb and you know the plan of this joint. Get in that window and grab that ticker."

"O. K."

"Here, ya can jimmy this. In? Now get it!"

A muffled curse came from the interior. Johnny muttered impatiently. "Well, lug, what's the matter?"

"Aw, I bumped into a door."

"Gee, lemme in. You're helpless." A dark form slipped in noiselessly and tiptoed across the floor. The two forms, one big and lumbering, the other smaller, ascended the stairs silently.

(Continued on page 26)

THERE'S MORE'N ONE WAY TO KILL A CAT

Cornelia Leith, '41



BRAM GOOCH was the all-round best story-teller of his day. It's more'n a hundred year since that day he forgot to duck when Stubby Badger threw a knife at him. But you can still hear some of his stories. There ain't many people that has heard this one I'm goin' to tell, seein' as how Abram only told it once and then after the burial of Jeremiah Hinkley, his best friend.

Abram and Jeremiah had grown up together and for a pair of wild 'uns they couldn't be beat. When they was both about thirty, they seen fit to settle down and bought a right nice little farm on the banks of the Ashuelot River. That was about the time Sam Adams and Independence was stirrin' up quite a row down in Massachusetts. There was a lot of talk of fightin', and Abram didn't approve of that at all. He useter say that two men fightin' was all right. One or t'other would git kilt and no harm's done. But a lot of men fightin' and you'd have a bang-up mess.

Well, anyway, as soon as Abram and Jeremiah Hinkley got out to that farm of theirs and took a look around, they knowed right away they'd made a mistake. Right across the river there was a camp of British soldiers. There weren't more'n a handful, mebbe a hundred, stationed there to be on the lookout for any uprisings. But if anybody got any of these high-falutin' idees about fightin' the British, there'd be trouble and plenty.

Jeremiah was all for pullin' up stakes and headin' farther north. But Abram knew a good farm when he saw it and he knowed as how you couldn't find a better one anywhere. So he stuck. British or no British.

Before long spring came, and the ground thawed, and ice in the Ashuelot broke up. Abram bought a horse and together they started to plow. They were plannin' about twelve acres of corn, beans, and oats.

One night they was tired and hungry after workin' in the fields all day. They come back to the cabin and was heatin' up some vittles when they heard hoof beats comin' fast down the road. Abram opened the door, and they seen a man pull up his horse and jump off. 'T was young Jed Bennett all out of breath and covered with mud from head to foot. Jed Bennett lived about five mile downriver and was their closest neighbor.

"Hallo, Jed." sez Abram. "Come in and set down. Where ye been?"

Jed stood in the doorway, breathin' hard. "I been up to Keene, Abram," he sez. "The fightin's begun. The British marched out to Concord from Boston — thinkin' they was smart — and they run plum into a hornet's nest. They likely run all the way back to Boston — with the Minute Men nippin' at their heels all the way. I come to tell you that a group of us here in this state is gettin' together. Want to join, Abram? Our fust piece of business is a surprise attack on them Britishers across the river."

"I figger I won't do no joinin' up with nobody yet awhile," sez Abram. "Me'n Jeremiah's got plantin' to be done. Mebbe when the shootin' begins I'll come and lend a hand."

"We've planned everthin' for tomorrer mornin', about seven," Jed sez. "About thirty of us is to cross the river a mile upstream and surprise 'em from that side. The rest of us'll go through them fields of yourn down to the banks of the river and fire across. If nothin' happens we ought to beat up them British plenty. Now don't tell no one; will ye?"

"I'll be hung afore I do, Jed," sez Abram. "Ye have my word on that."

"I got to be gittin' on," sez Jed, and he bolted out of the cabin. They could hear him yellin' "Yip-pee" all the way down the road, ridin' as hard as he could go. He sure was excited. They say he was kilt durin' the battle of Saratoga, but that don't make no difference to Abram's story.

Well, after Jed left, Abram started walkin' up and down in the dark outside the cabin door, and Jeremiah just stood and gawked at him. After quite a spell Jeremiah spoke up.

"Them dod-blasted fools ain't goin' through my new-seeded fields to fight no battle."

Abram come to a halt in his tracks. "No," he sez, "they ain't. Come on, I figger if we was to hurry and make across river, we kin stop 'em."

Captain Pike was about to retire for the night when he heard someone yellin' outside his tent. He poked his head out. "Here, here," he shouted. "What's going on?"

"Blimey, sir, hit's a Yankee. Says 'e must see you private. What'll I do, sir?"

"Send him in."

Abram foller'd the sentry into the tent and waited 'til he had gone, then spoke up.

"I figger you don't know me. My name's Abram Gooch. I farm across the river."

"I've seen you workin' in the fields," the captain sez.

"Yep. It's a right good little farm I've got, too. I'd sure hated to have anything happen to it. seein' the work I put in it." He set hisself down on the Captain's cot and begun to whittle with his hunting knife. "Right nice weather we're havin'; ain't it?" he sez.

Captain Pike was kinda puzzled. "Is there anything I can do for you?" he sez.

Abram didn't pay no 'tention to him. "Quite a spell of trouble they're havin' up to Boston," he sez. "I don't know, but I kinda figger there'll be trouble around here, too, if you ain't keerful."

Captin Pike leaned across the table and looked hard at Abram in the dim light. "That's true, Mr. Gooch. What would you do about it?"

"Well, Captain Pike," sez Abram. "I been talkin' to a friend. He's joined up to one of them revolutionary bands around here. He had quite a good deal to say. It'd be mighty helpful to you if I felt I ought to repeat it. But as I said before, he's a friend of mine and you ain't, so as I'd hate to turn agin him." Abram whittled a minute. "Unless it was profitable, of course."

Captain Pike took out a leather bag. "How much?" he sez.

Abram poked the bag with his finger. "Half," he sez.

"Half?" Captain Pike poured the silver out onto the table.

Abram scooped it up an pocketed it. "Well," he sez, "I'll tell ye . . ."

It was gettin' far on into the night when Abram joined Jeremiah on the river bank. Never sayin' a word they got into a boat and rowed across. On t'other side Abram spoke.

"Well, I seen him."

"What'd you tell him?" sez Jeremiah.

"I told him quite a few things," sez Abram. "He paid me well."

"How much did you get?" sez Jeremiah.

"'Bout forty dollars," sez Abram. "in silver."

"We kin buy us another horse," sez Jeremiah.

"Yep," sez Abram. "I thought of that."

They walked along through the dark fields together, and Jeremiah begin to be kinda upset.

"It was sort of a mean trick," he sez.

"Well, mebbe 'twas, but it's done now."

"I think we ought to make it up to them rebels somehow," he sez.

"Huh? The rebels? Oh, yes, them."

"If we went to Jed Bennett and told him we had found out thet the Britishers had found out what you jist told 'em, without tellin' him who told the Britishers, wouldn't thet kinda square accounts?"

Abram began to laugh.

"What's wrong?" Jeremiah asked. "Ain't thet a good idee?"

"Thet's a right fine idee, Jeremiah." But he kept right on laughin'.

"Wal, what's the matter then?" Jeremiah sez.

"Nothin'," sez Abram. "Come on, we've got no time to waste if we're goin' to help t'other side now for a change."

The whole neighborhood had gathered at Jed Bennett's house. "I don't like the looks of this," sez Abram. "I kinda figgered I'd see Jed alone. If anything happens we'll be in a heap of trouble. Well, I ain't goin' to stop now."

Inside Lem Bickett, seein' as how he'd been named captain, was standin' on top of a table, makin' a speech. Abram yelled out as soon as he got into the room.

"Hallo, Jed. Hallo, Lem. I got news for you."

Lem jumped off the table. "What is it, Abram?" he sez.

"I ain't got but a minute," Abram sez, "but the Britishers have caught wind of your plan. They're marchin' upriver now, everyone of 'em layin' an ambush for ye. I come to warn ye. And here's only a suggestion, but mebbe it'd work. If you slip across river about five mile down and sneak into their camp while they're gone, you'll have 'em licked afore you even begin to fight."

"Thet's a right good idee," Lem sez. "How about it, boys?"

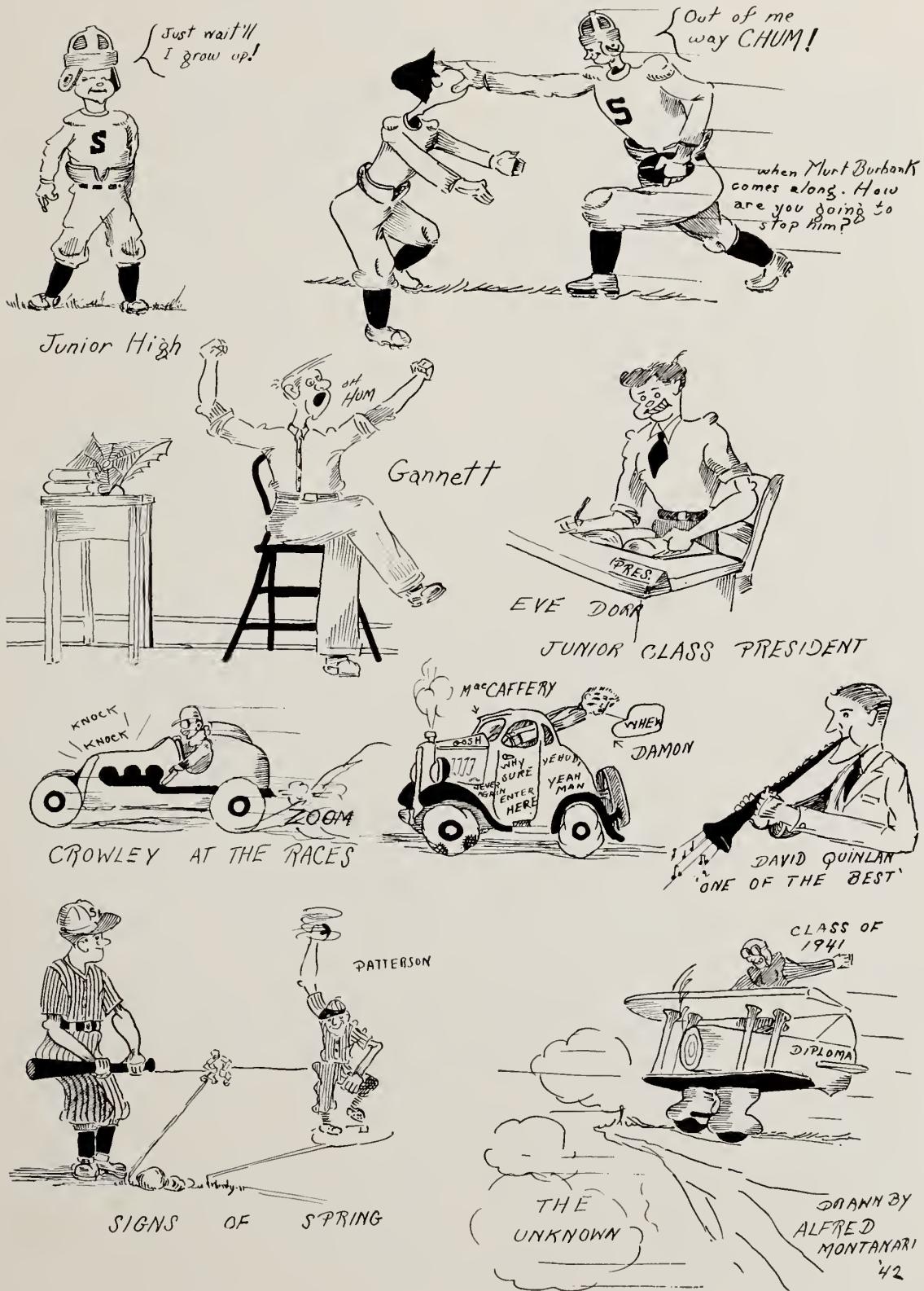
By the way them men lit out of there and down the road, there warn't no doubt but what they thought it was a right fine idee.

Abram and Jeremiah was left alone. Lem 'n' Jed wanted 'em to join the party, but Abram sez no. He figgered they'd better be gittin' home seein' as how they had a hard dav's seedin' to do the next day. Anyhow them fellers wouldn't be needin' them.

"Well," sez Abram, as they was ridin' home. "we've had quite a commotion for one night, but 'twas worth it. I don't expect there'll be any shootin' tall now."

"You ain't forgittin' are ye?" Jeremiah sez. "thet them Britishers is bound to come back

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LIFE IN THE COUNTRY

Kenneth Vining, '41



HERE are times when I hate everything about the country; times when I wish myself in the heart of New York City or on the pink beaches of Bermuda. I complain bitterly because there's nothing to do, not that I have any particular thing in mind, but the country seems a dull, monotonous, uninteresting place, fit for the old and infirm perhaps. I consider the people — the same few day after day — nothing exciting or glamorous about them certainly! I think about distances, miles to the movies, miles to school, miles to the next town. I feel anchored to the littleness of Egypt. I hate everything about it.

Of course in the winter when the moon was pure silver and immensely bright, and the stars were cold and brilliant and almost near enough to touch, we could walk to the nearest pond late in the evening and skate for hours, our skates ringing bell-like in the clear silence of the country.

True, I've met three young lads from England who are giving me vivid pictures of their lives in that gallant island. I know now that a lawyer's a barrister; I know lemons are worth their weight in gold; that only royalty can afford having teeth straightened; that jackets button higher; that cottage roofs are thatched and gleaming; glistening bathrooms are not too numerous. My own home is warmer, hearing stories of theirs; my own mother, dearer for being here with me.

True I've been horseback riding with my neighbor, and discussed subjects from life in the Panama Canal Zone to what education means, with another, that business-like girl that has traveled practically everywhere. I know the boys near me, what there are, and the girls down the road.

True, when I amble along the streets of the little village and the larger town, I know that one and this one in a friendly, pleasant way. There seem to be no "sides of the railroad tracks" in Egypt. We're neighbors and friends.

At times the tree-outlined curve in the road, bare, thin branches etched against a pale sky, the line of an ancient stone wall, the long, low rolling of the booming waves on the nearby shore, give me a sudden and quick-passing feeling of the beauty of the country.

Then take my pig. He's a great, grunting creature, the source of constant complaint on

the part of my father. But I like that pig. I've had him since he was small and clean and pink. I've scratched his ears until he knows me. Beasis, I have a feeling, understands more than you'd think. Now if I lived in a city apartment again, I'd never know the sorrow of sending a pig to slaughter, but I'd never have the fun of watching him grow either.

Consider my summers. If ambition overcomes me, I can find a chore here or there that nets me a neat little amount. I can mow a lawn or weed a garden in the fresh, clean air and sun of the country, and not in the dry dust of the city. I have the health and the money. What could I do in Boston? There *may* be things.

And then down the road a jog or two there are beaches. Oh! they're not palm-fringed like Nassau, or powdery-white like Barbados; the water isn't warm like the Pacific, or clear deep down to the bottom like the Caribbean (as they say). They're full of pebbles that grew gradually into boulders. The water congeals the blood practically all summer long. But the people on the beaches are quite often friends, and the water is clean and most refreshing. Early in the autumn come the huge tides and with them quite often crashing, foaming breakers that roll in — in — in and rush out with a vast hiss. To dive through the breakers is breathtaking and most exciting. And this is just down the road. Not just fifty miles from the city.

Perhaps I'll take it all back, about hating the country. Probably it's a black mood brought on by midseason boredom. Perhaps it's because there is a blizzard raging. Perhaps, after a blizzard or two, spring will come, and perhaps, — well, will I like it, or hate it, this little country town where I live with my family?

* * * *

A man walked into a restaurant and ordered everything on the menu, from hors d'oeuvres up to fried chicken, and consumed it all with gusto. A waiter beamed, "You like your food, sir?" The man replied, "No, I hate the stuff, but I love bicarb of soda!"

* * * *

Officer: "Now tell me what is your idea of strategy."

Draftee: "It is when you don't let the enemy know you're out of ammunition but keep right on firing."

DOUBLE TROUBLE

Betty McIntyre, '42

THEY were twins, Barry and Murray Thornton, eighteen years old. Some brothers never get along very well together but these two did. They had been inseparable companions from the cradle up, always sticking together. But now all was different. They were drifting apart. The reason — a girl!

Janet was petite, blonde and brown-eyed, with a smooth, creamy, complexion that blushed profusely at times. She was a smooth dancer, athletic, a good conversationalist, looked as if she had been poured into anything she put on, and had a personality that was considered dynamic. Altogether — a pleasing combination.

Naturally with these assets she was popular, very popular, and she seemed to favor the two Thornton boys. But she was either with one, one minute and the other the next, or she was with both of them at once. Therefore the rivalry, each one trying to outdo the other but to no apparent avail.

That last night, the night before she left, the three of them went for a walk on the beach. Never was nature so flattering. The moon made the rippling waters shimmer and glow and clothed the white sands in silvery iridescence. The night was still and cool. Now and then the silence was broken by the rushing of the incoming waves as they rushed and danced along the beach.

The moon flattered more than the natural beauties — for tiny lights sparkled and glittered and seemed to make Janet's hair even more golden. Her eyes were large and luminous and her skin looked to be made of ivory.

The three of them walked along in silence. Suddenly it was Janet who broke the stillness, "Let's sit here for a while."

After a few unsuccessful attempts at conversation Murray broke out impetuously, "You can't go — that's all."

"What do you mean — I can't go?" this from Janet.

"You've got to choose one of us," chimed in Barry.

"Look," said Murray, "if it's Barry, I'll step out of the picture, and I think the matter stands vice versa."

"For once you're right, Brother!" remarked Barry.

As the bewildered girl sat there, a frown on her lovely face, it did, indeed, seem hard to choose, one so handsome and lithe and upright and fine, — and the other his exact replica.

Finally she broke the suspense. "Barry — Murray — please trust me and wait until Saturday. Then I'll be down to spend two weeks. I think by then this can be straightened out," she said with an amused laugh.

"Next Saturday! !" they exploded. "Why that's four whole days away!"

"I know — I know," she said, "but at least — if you both care for me — you can have the patience to wait."

"We'll do it," they said with grim, resolved looks on their faces.

The next morning at 9:04 they could be seen standing on the station platform, waving at what was now a wisp of a girl, standing on the observation platform, away off in the distance.

Without one word they just looked at each other, and with hands in their pockets and disconsolate expression on their faces they walked home.

This attitude remained for three days. Mr. and Mrs. Thornton exchanged covert, amused glances at one another whenever the opportunity offered.

Saturday morning all was different. The Thornton household was very busy. At 9:30 the two boys emerged from their respective rooms, each impeccably dressed. They didn't eat much that morning for some unknown reason. At 10:30 they were on the platform. Finally the train chugged in.

Then the most bewildered expression came across the faces of the two boys — for emerging from the train were two Janets! ! !

Then it broke — they looked at each other. "Twins! !" they exclaimed.

Hurrying forward they greeted Janet.

"Hello — Barry — Murray. I want you to meet my twin sister, Jeanette. Jeanette, Barry and Murray Thornton."

Then they all spoke at once. The ice was broken and everybody was beaming.

"You never told us you had a twin sister," Barry said.

(Continued on page 26)

A DECISION

Abbie Barnes, '42

FOR no good reason at all except that he wanted to. Alexander J. Harvey was sitting in his deck, on the steamer "Georgene," at three o'clock in the morning. He claimed that he couldn't think clearly when there were a lot of noisy young women around, and there were plenty on this boat. Accordingly, whenever there was any profound thinking to do on his part, he slept all day and did his thinking in the silence of the night.

That particular night A. J. had to think about two certain young men, one of whom was to be his successor to the thriving oil business he had built up. The only trouble was that he didn't know which one to pick. First he favored Paul McKay, and then he switched over to George Butts. He kept doing this until finally he decided to take them on a trip to Alaska, to get a better idea of what they were like, and which one would make the better executive. So far both young men had scored one point in the older man's favor. George had rescued somebody's cat that had fallen overboard, and Paul had located A. J.'s wallet that someone had temporarily borrowed.

"Well," said A. J., "I didn't accomplish much tonight. Darn those women, dancing all night and keeping the poor fellows up. Wouldn't you think they'd know better? Might's well turn in now, I suppose. I'll be glad when we reach Nome."

The next morning Paul and George were playing tennis when Alexander J. got up, at five minutes of twelve.

"Good morning, Mr. Harvey," said the boys.

"Hello," grumbled A. J. "This is a silly way to spend a hot day: isn't it?"

"Since you ask, A. J., I really don't think so, but we were just going to stop anyway," answered George.

"C'mon, A. J., let's have some lunch. You act kind of gloomy today," Paul quickly suggested.

As they were finishing eating, George saw a prosperous-looking business man whom he thought might be good for a sale for the Alexander J. Harvey Oil Company. He didn't want Paul to see him, so he tried to divert A. J.'s and Paul's attention.

"Say, Paul," he asked, "don't we know those girls over there?"

But Paul, glad that George was looking the other way, had also seen the prospect, and didn't want George to.

"Gosh, I don't know," he answered. They look rather familiar. Let's go--"

"Let's not go over," interrupted A. J. "I didn't bring you on this trip to break every girl's heart, did I?"

"So sorry," said Paul.

"I know what, A. J. Why don't you go swimming with us?" suggested George, anxious to keep an eye on his business man, who had just gone in the direction of the swimming pool.

"Sure, and it'll be good for you," came from Paul who was equally anxious.

While they were swimming, Paul managed to get a twisted ankle, and without George's getting suspicious, said he was going to get it taped up.

Off he went, and as soon as he got out of sight, he stopped limping and proceeded to look for Mr. Businessman. With some persuasion and sales talk, he finally got a fairly good sale out of his new acquaintance, Mr. Wright.

"Now," thought Paul, "good old A. J. will want to make me his successor. I hope."

To make it look good, he went to have his foot taped up and then went to his stateroom to find George and A. J. He decided not to tell George about his sale, but very confidentially told his employer. Of course, A. J. was pleased about Paul's success, and at dinner he fairly sparkled.

"Well," he said, "I gues I'll know pretty soon who it'll be."

Paul thought it would be he because he had made a good sale; and George thought he would be chosen because he was going to make a sale. he hoped.

After Paul and A. J. had settled down for the evening, George looked for Mr. Wright, and found him in a very affable mood. It was a little harder to manage him, but finally George succeeded in making as good a sale as Paul had made.

Both boys were very jovial the next morning and extremely satisfied. So was A. J. after George told him about his bit of luck.

"Oh boy!" thought A. J. "This is good. Why a man only fifty-seven should want to retire

(Continued on page 31)

THE OPERA

Warren Sylvester, '42



REMEMBER well my first opera, "Götterdämmerung" by Wagner, as if it were last night instead of a year ago.

I remember the ride through the thick of the traffic to the Opera House, the auto-horns, the whistles, and the detour around where the new subway entrance had just been opened.

In the lobby there was a long snake-like line of people awaiting their turn at the window for the rush seats. After purchasing the tickets, we rushed out into the cold again to the side door, where already a sizable group had gathered. Each one was telling the other why he had come to this particular opera, and why he hadn't got a reserved seat. Many were reading librettos at \$2; others if they were tall enough, read over their shoulders.

I always have pitied the poor fellow whose job it was to open the door. His only safeguard was that the doors opened outward. Had they opened inward he probably would have been crushed. I remember the rush up the stairway, a circular staircase with right-angle turns every ten steps or so. At the top, an attendant took his half of our tickets. On reaching the final landing, half of us, (the group of standees were old friends now) went to the right, half to the left. I took the right. On reaching the openings I discovered to my dismay that I was on the wrong side of the house, the horn section being way over on the other side of the pit. I rushed around to the other side just in time to wiggle into one of the few remaining places. At last I could see the horns, two Schmidts, a Kruspe, and one other I couldn't make out. I have always wondered to this day how the timpanist could stand being under the edge of the stage. His ears must have been resounding all the next day from the beating they took that night.

In the prologue, Brunnhilde and Siegfried, in a bright red cloak and golden helmet, the Tarnhelm, are seated on a large rock surrounded by the magic fire which only Siegfried could penetrate. Siegfried, in search of adventure, is going on a journey down the Rhine. As Brunnhilde does not wish to see him walk all that distance, she gives him her horse, Grane. (The horse, in the meantime, is being held by an attendant, unseen except by the group in which I was, behind the scenery.) He was a large white horse which Siegfried had to ride bareback. The horse died last month.

As Siegfried is approaching the Rhine, his horn call is heard. The first horn got very red, even though he didn't bring the call out very well, but he had a nice tone.

One thing that stands out very sharply in my mind is "the episode of the third trumpeter." All during the performance he had looked as though he should have been home and the conductor thought so about half-way through the second act. He had a very well-placed solo with only the strings for competition and he missed it, muffed it very badly. To make matters worse he made the very same mistake when it came along again about five minutes later. He hung his head in shame and pulled out a letter which he began to read. "Maybe he was jilted," commented a fellow standee.

For the standees two of the most colorful moments of the opera were during the two intermissions, while the lights were on, when we could look down at all the silk and satin gowns of the ladies, mostly white with a few light greens and blues scattered here and there.

Later on in the opera the men's chorus, dressed as hunters, crowd around the edge of the stage banging their leather shields with their clubs, happy at the prospect of a hunt.

Another thing I remember is that during the whole performance one fellow away down on the floor kept flashing on a small light, probably to read a score or a more complete libretto than was on sale in the lobby. It reminded me of a single firefly in the dark of the night, trying to find his way home.

During the last act the smoke screen from the downstairs audience kept getting thicker and thicker, giving me the feeling of even greater height. The ventilators must have been in bad shape.

At the finale of the opera there is another fire on the stage; Wagner, it is claimed by his contemporaries had a very fiery nature. This time it does not protect the beauty but is burning the haven of the gods, being lit by Siegfried's funeral pyre. After it has been thoroughly burned, the Rhine rises and puts out the fire and the music-drama ends as a great cloud of steam rises from the stage.

At the finale I was, mentally, sorry that it was over but, physically, having stood up for four hours and more, I was happy at the prospect of a ride home.

There's More Than One Way To Kill a Cat*(Continued from page 20)*

and start shootin' sometime. They ain't goin' to stay put forever waitin' for them rebels."

Abram laughed. "I don't figger them Britishers'll come back. If they ain't half way to Portsmouth by now, I miss my guess."

"Portsmouth?" Jeremiah sez.

"Well," sez Abram, "I figger I'd best tell ye what I did tell them British fellers. I told 'em that about seven hundred rebel militia was headin' this way from Keene. 'Twarn't exactly true, but it did scare 'em."

Well, that's the end of Abram's story as was told me by my grandpa who heard it from his pa who was told it by Abram hisself.

THE END

Three-Thirty A. M.*(Continued from page 18)*

The door was located and opened as though on velvet hinges. Big broke the silence. "Look at him! He's pounding his ear so hard we couldn't wake him with a sledgehammer!"

"Well, don't waste time gaping at him. Grab the clock and stuff and come on." Quietly the pair descended, slithered out the window, closed it, and moved off. The two reached a street light. Big's gaze fell on the clock. His eyes bulged, and he made a queer sound in his throat. "J-J-J-J."

"Well, whaddya want?"

"This clock's set for -"

BOOM! ! !

Inside the house Samuel F. Horton was jolted rudely out of a deep slumber. He groaned, then slowly sat up. "Oh-Oh. The alarm must have gone off. Hope it didn't wake too many people."

THE END

* * * *

Miss Gile: "For what is Abraham Lincoln noted?"

Duffley: "His Memory."

Miss Gile: "What makes you think he had such a good memory?"

Duffley: "Well, they erected a monument to it."

* * * *

Science Professor: "What happens when a body is immersed in water?"

Co-ed: "The phone rings."

Double Trouble*(Continued from page 23)*

"Well you see," began Janet, "we were having the same trouble you boys were, two girls to very fellow."

"So, we decided to take our vacations in different places this year," broke in Jeanette.

She blushed profusely as she discovered Murray studying her intently.

"Well," he said, "let's you and I go down to the drug store and have a soda?"

Laughingly she accepted and as they moved off, arm in arm, the other two heard Murray ask her to go to the club dance that night, and again she accepted.

Smiling, Janet looked shyly up at Barry. "Well?" she said.

"There's nothing like following their example," this from Barry.

THE END

THE SEA

Robert Spear. '41

I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as the sea,

The sea which carries ships and men
To distant lands and back again.

It shelters life within its folds
And quenches it with angry blows.

From India to the coast of Maine
The sea is never just the same;

For though it's smiling in one place
You cannot judge it by its face.

* * * *

Jarvis: "There are twenty girls in my class, but I've never kissed one of them."

Polly: "Which one is that?"

* * * *

Teacher: "Who was the smartest inventor?"

Pupil: "Thomas A. Edison. He invented the phonograph and the radio so people could stay up all night and use his electric light bulbs."

* * * *

"I owe all I have to one woman."

"Your mother?"

"No, my landlady."



Class of 1942

Richard Barnard

WITH ambition in our hearts, we, the members of the Junior Class, started out the school year. There was the natural bustle and excitement of getting settled down to business after we received our books and had our first class meeting.

The boys seemed to "rate" as far as class officers were concerned because a boy was elected for each office. The president chosen was Everett Dorr; vice-president, Dana Condit; treasurer, Richard Damon; and secretary, Richard Barnard. We chose Mr. Stewart as our class adviser.

We gained three new members this year: Josephine Thatcher, who transferred from Norwood High School; William Ayer from Cambridge High and Latin; and June Hezlett from Brockton High.

As usual many members of our class, both boys and girls, participated in sports. In football five junior boys received their letters, of whom one, Everett Dorr, our brilliant quarterback, received the honor of being named utility man on the All-South Shore team. His big number "7" was greatly feared by all opponents.

Four girls in our class received letters for their fine playing on this year's successful hockey

team. Also four girls and four boys received letters in basketball.

We sponsored two successful social events during the year. Our Junior Social was arranged by a committee consisting of Everett Dorr, Dana Condit, Jerry Cahir, William Bradley, Richard Damon and Richard Mahoney. For the Junior Prom, the outstanding event, we elected the following committee: Everett Dorr, Richard Damon, Jerry Cahir, Jane Whittaker, Gloria McCaffrey, Jean McKenzie, and Richard Barnard.

We were represented in dramatics this year by Jane Whittaker and Herbert Bearce, who did a very fine job in the tri-town play.

The Juniors proved themselves high-pressure salesmen in the recent magazine drive. Three times during the campaign one Junior home-room won the box of chocolates which was awarded daily to the room selling the most subscriptions. Robert Vickery received the special prize offered by the magazine for the highest sales.

On the honor roll we had the following Juniors: William Ayer, Abbie Barnes, Richard Franzen, Betty Hattin, Edward Gilchrist, Wil-

(Continued on page 41)



Class of 1943

Frances Williams

LAST September our very promising class returned for its second year as students of Scituate High School.

Howard Tindall, Richard Willett, Patricia McLean, and Martha Lavoine emerged victorious in the contest for leaders of our worthy class, becoming president, vice-president, secretary, and treasurer, respectively. Mr. Sandberg was again chosen as our class adviser.

After the smoke had cleared away, we discovered some new as well as old familiar faces. We welcomed Betty Pulver, Cynthia Whiting, John Tinch, Fred Veale, and John Wilder as new students this year. However, shortly after their arrival, Betty Pulver and John Tinch left us. We were glad to see Patricia McLean back from Girls' Latin School. We consider ourselves lucky to have two English boys, John Wilder and Fred Veale, with us this year. They have told us many interesting things about England, especially about their sports and schools. Shortly after their arrival in this country, October 3 to be exact, John Wilder spoke to his family in England over N. B. C.

Our class was well represented in athletic achievement this year. Genevieve Wilder, Patricia Crowley, and Marion Hill received let-

ters for their outstanding performance on the hockey field.

In girls' basketball Genevieve Wilder, Joan Rouleau, Mariesta LaVange and Patricia Crowley received letters. From the boys' team Richard Willett emerged with a large blue "S." With these players it is no wonder our teams are so successful.

But to prove we can work, too, the following people have been upholding the standards of the Sophomore Class on the honor roll: Lester Chadbourne, Marjorie Hattin, Marylou Hersey, Martha LaVoine, Maria Mansfield, Patricia McLean, Matthew Miles, Joan Rouleau, Helen Stark, Lillian Santia, and Frances Williams. John Billings, Patricia Crowley, Virginia DuBois, Jean MacNeill, Gilbert Patterson, Howard Tindall, and Frederick Veale have received honorable mention.

Our class and the freshman class cooperated on March 14 in staging a successful social. Those serving on the committee from our class were Howard Tindall and Marion Hill.

We have found a great variety of talents and interests among the members of our class.

(Continued on page 41)



Class of 1944

Amalia J. Gillespie

THE Freshman Class this year welcomed eight new members from other schools and lost only two. Those to join our group were Nancy Davis from Salisbury, Maryland; Robert Cogswell, from Albuquerque, New Mexico; Carita Smith, Virginia Hyatt, Ann Lear, and Mary Queeney from Springfield, Cohasset, Norwell and Weymouth, Massachusetts; Marilyn Fisher from Barnstable High School in Hyannis, Massachusetts; and Mary McCormack who left us in 1940 for Quincy but returned this year.

Among the talented members of our class we have several in the orchestra. Virginia Heffernan and Catherine Peirce play the violin; Frank Hall, the trumpet; David Quinlan, the clarinet; while Bobby Finnie bangs away at the cymbals. Frank Hall is manager of the orchestra and has Bobby Finnie as his assistant.

Another indication of the ability of our class is found in the number of names which have appeared on the honor lists at various times during the year. Attaining highest honors were Anne Lear and Marguerite Bartlett. The names listed in the honor column included Merial Bonney, Lyman Preston, David Quinlan, Richard Bresnahan, Marguerite Bartlett, Merilyn

Damon, Amalia Gillespie, Theodore Holland, Fay Joseph, and June Goddard. Receiving honorable mention were Richard Bresnahan, Theodore Holland, Shirley Huntley, Amalia Gillespie, Mary McCormack, Lyman Preston, Richard Turner, Betty Vickery, Merilyn Damon, Nancy Davis, Fay Joseph, June Goddard, Catherine Peirce, Marilyn Fisher, Frank Hall, and Roger Zollin.

The class officers are president, Lyman Preston; vice-president, Arnold Fuller; secretary, Catherine Peirce; and treasurer, Marilyn Fisher.

Many in our class went out for athletics. On the girls' basketball squad we had Virginia Heffernan, Mary Mahar, Jean Cole, Shirley Huntley, Jane Evans, Nancy Davis, and Merilyn Damon. On the football squad were Kevin Dwyer, Arnold Fuller, and Frank Hall. Girls' hockey had Mary Mahar, Shirley Huntley, Anne Jarvis, Laura Brown, and Jean Cole. Jean Cole was also secretary of the Athletic Association.

Our outstanding social event of the year was the successful Freshman-Sophomore Dance which was held on Friday, March 21. The Freshman Class representatives on the committee were Anne Jarvis and Arnold Fuller.

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Junior High School News

THE following members of Junior High have been on the Honor Roll this year: Seventh Grade High Honors—Donald Hattin and Robert Holcomb; Honors—Louis Cerilli, John Litchfield, Helen McDonald, Madeline Riani, Ward Swift, Jr., Barbara Tindall, and Betty Ann Welch; Honorable Mention—Richard Flaherty, Charles Fleming, Jean Hersey, Stephen Jenney, Forbes McLean, Stuart MacNeill, Paul Miles, Alice Patterson, Patricia Rouleau, June Seitz, Sarah Whitecomb, Daniel Yuhr.

Eighth Grade Honors—Ora Brown, Pauline Hardwick, Shirley Litchfield, Carmel Manning, Ann Page, Robert Rencurrell, Sylvia Shapiro, William Soule, Charles Stenbeck; Honorable Mention—Kathleen Brown, Anne Butler, Gray Curtis, Richard Jenkins, Thomas Macy, George O'Neil, Emily Whittaker.

Three members of the eighth grade, Jimmie Hiney, Marjorie Whittaker and Dorothy Hodgins have left school.

Bill Connolly, Burton Ainslie, and Gray Curtis went out for football this year.

Wilson Hollis and Burton Ainslie have received their driving certificates.

The eighth grade girls' basketball team, Emily Whittaker, Ann Page, Anne Butler, Fredericka Stuart, Marilyn Ewell, Josephine Arcana, Evelyn Arnold, Ora Brown, Kathleen Brown, and Pauline Hardwick, played Duxbury twice and were the winner on both occasions.

The junior high girls are organizing a softball team and they are planning to play Duxbury later in the season.

Polly Hardwick, Emily Whittaker, Beverly Newcomb, Shirley Litchfield, and Jackie Cole took part in a Red Cross entertainment in the auditorium a short time ago.

Bill Connolly has left school to study the oil burner business.

Wanted: By Kathleen Brown—A miniature horse, pig, deer, some chickens and a cat to complete her collection of miniature china.

Polly Hardwick has already won recognition as an artist. She has competed in two coloring contests conducted by the "Daily Record" and won prizes both times.

Helen McDonald has a collection of dolls given her by her aunt who has traveled all over the world. Helen has dolls from Russia, Switzerland, Denmark, Estonia, South American countries, Norway and Sweden.

Alvin Eaton is a second Tommy Riggs. He recently won a prize for his performance of *Betty Lou*.

Jean Franzen is known for her kindness to animals. She recently rescued two kittens. One she named Tarz Ann and the other Refugee.

Lucille De Costa, who left Scituate in November, is attending school in Boston.

Ruth Whittaker collects card jokers and saves the pictures on the front of them which she puts in a scrapbook. She now has over one hundred of these pictures.

Danny Yuhr was out in a boat one day helping his father haul lobster traps close to shore. He happened to look overboard and saw a fin slicing the water. It was a shark! Danny says he'll never call his boat a ship when he thinks of that.

Phyllis Cobbett's hobby is collecting postmarks which she keeps in a looseleaf notebook. She has postmarks from all the states of the United States and some from the countries of Holland, Germany, England, and Scotland. She has made a map on which she indicates the place from which they came.

Paul Miles has a hobby of collecting post cards. To date he has about 300 postcards which have come from about every state in the Union and from other countries.

Madeline Riani's favorite hobby is collecting pictures and statues of horses. At present she has over 400 pictures and statues.

Tom Wilbur's hobby is fixing watches. He also trades and sells them. He has good luck with his hobby and has had plenty of business.

Just before school opened Ann Hefferman took part in several contests in a horseshow. She won six ribbons, of which two were first prize ribbons and four were third prize ribbons.

Eleanor Bates has a hobby of sending away for things for school purposes. She has received materials from Oregon, New York, Ohio, Illinois, Canada and parts of Nova Scotia.

One day Robert Holcomb traded a stamp and in return got an old American. Upon looking it up in the catalogue he found it was worth \$19.50. He is saving it as it will be worth much more in the coming years.

Jimmie McCarthy certainly has skill as an animal trainer. He has trained his goats to the harness and the goats are as good as ponies. We expect to hear Jim has entered a goat race.

One morning Richard Flaherty heard a bird chirping very loudly. When he investigated he found that it was a sparrow with a broken wing. He and his father applied a splint and nursed it to health. Dick released the bird and hasn't seen it since.

Richard Brown sent away for a stamp set. Upon sorting the various stamps he found an old, old English stamp. He laid it away and later found it was worth fifty dollars. Richard is saving the stamp for a rainy day.

Some of the boys represented the seventh grade in a play sponsored by the Scituate Nautical Patrol. The group included Richard Dwyer, Robert Glynn and Richard Ewell.

During the magazine drive for the score board Sarge Bartlett was in charge of the records of 7A. The total for the room was \$26.00. In 7B Paul Miles was in charge of the money. The total for the room was \$16.00.

During the Junior Red Cross drive the girls and boys contributed hand-made scrap books and toys for small children in a sanitarium.

During the middle part of March Elaine Brown was out of school because of an attack of appendicitis. The class sent her some flowers.

BY THE FIREPLACE

By Rocco Foniri, Grade 8

Its beauteous glow haunts every darkened scene
That within my heart has ever been;
An evening of memories by the fire so bright
Will drive the gloom and make dark days bright.
Love, peace, and joy in my heart will ring,
Misty eyes will brighten and voice will sing.

A Decision

(Continued from page 24)

when he's got two fellows around like these,
I don't know. Guess I'll tell them what I've
decided before we land."

He called both of them and told them they
were almost at Nome, and he hoped they'd have
a good time for themselves.

"You know," he said, "I've decided that
since you're both such fine salesmen, I couldn't
pick one without picking the other; so I've made
up my mind not to retire just now. I'm going
to work one more year and then make you two
partners. O.K.?"

"Oh, happy day!"

"Ditto."

And they all lived happily ever after.

SPRING FEVER

By Forbes McLean, Grade 7

About this time ev'ry year
Spring fever brings me season's cheer,
The birds go whirling o'er my head
And up pop flowers that I thought dead.

There's a brand new fragrance in the air
That sends me joy from heel to hair;
The dreary trees and dull white snow,
Give way to spring's new fashion show.

* * *

THIS LAND

By Paul Turner, Grade 7

The soldiers fought to save this land
So why not up and lend a hand?
Columbus came across the sea
To find this land for you and me.

He came to America in '92
And found this land for me and you;
He had the raging sea to roam
To make this land our home sweet home.

* * *

EXCHANGES

Doris Anderson, '41

BECAUSE of late publication of other schools, we are unable to comment on many of their magazines. However, in past years we have found them very interesting books. The schools with which we exchange are Concord High School, Kingston High, Duxbury High, Norwell High, Brookline High, Hanover High, and Oliver Ames School.

The Barnstable High School magazine, "The Clipper," contains some wonderful stories, which show that they have many writers of remarkable ability.

"The Abhis" of Abington High School contains many excellent poems. Their alumni notes are also very complete.

We have received many letters recently from schools saying they are not going to have year books this year because of the cost. It is hoped by all that next year they may again exchange with us.

The books which we have received are kept on file where anyone who is interested may read them.



FOOTBALL TEAM

FIRST ROW: D. Condit, W. Holland, J. Shone, Coach Stewart, T. Patterson, L. Conte, R. Brown
 SECOND ROW: L. Mahoney, M. Burbank, A. Mitchell, E. Dorr, R. Damon, W. Schultz, J. Cahir, Mgr.
 THIRD ROW: R. Barnard, J. Fallon, R. Whittaker, E. Anderson, G. Bresnahan, C. Jarvis

Football

Richard Damon, '41

ONCE again the Scituate High football team was honored at a banquet by the citizens of Scituate. This gala affair, during which the seniors were presented with sweaters and Notre Dame's football coach, Frank Leahy, spoke, was a reward for another fine season.

Scituate opened its season against a new rival, Dighton. In this game the blue and white failed to show its usual form and was nosed out 7-6 for the first defeat in four years. The defeat was a bitter disappointment for the boys, but they showed they were made of the proper stuff and really went to town from that game on. Farm and Trade, Cohasset, Randolph, Case, Hanover and Marshfield all went down before Scituate by overwhelming margins.

This year's team featured many seniors and their loss is certainly going to be felt next year. Manager Mahoney, Robert Whittaker, Tom Patterson, Alden Mitchell, John Fallon, Edward Anderson, Charles Jarvis, John Shone, William Schultz, and Luciano Conte are all due to receive their sheepskins this June. With such a wholesale departure the outlook for next year's team is rather dark, but a few rays of sunshine. Robert Hendrickson, John Fitts, John Brown, George Bresnahan, Richard Damon, Everett Dorr, Dana Condit, Richard Barnard, and others will return and perhaps chase away the gloom.

Scituate certainly should feel proud of their high school football team, not only because

(Continued on page 45)



BASKETBALL TEAM

FIRST ROW: J. Fitts, R. Willett, Coach Stewart, T. Patterson, A. Mitchell
 SECOND ROW: Manager L. Bonomi, L. Rouleau, J. Brown, D. Willett, R. Whittaker, E. Dorr,
 Assistant Manager E. Gilchrist

Boys' Basketball

THIS season Scituate was represented by its most successful basketball team in several years. The boys ended with a record of nine victories and three defeats in league tilts. Two of these defeats were by the slender margin of one basket.

Scituate dropped out of the championship fight when they were nosed out 39-37 by Duxbury, the champion team. The game was decided in three overtime periods and was probably the most sensational game ever played on the South Shore.

Scituate loses this year, and will surely miss, the high scoring of Whittaker and the close guarding of Tom Patterson and Alden Mitchell.

The prospects for 1941-42, however, are very good with the return of five men: Everett Dorr, John Brown, Richard Willett, John Fitts, and Louis Rouleau from this year's squad.

Schedule

Scituate	48	Alumni	22
Scituate	27	Pembroke	18
Scituate	35	Hanover	24
Scituate	45	Kingston	18
Scituate	33	Kingston	15
Scituate	42	Pembroke	28
Scituate	37	Hanover	42
Scituate	28	Duxbury	29
Scituate	35	Norwell	25
Scituate	33	Marshfield	30
Scituate	37	Duxbury	39
Scituate	40	Randolph	49
Scituate	55	Marshfield	35
Scituate	27	Norwell	18



BASEBALL TEAM

FIRST ROW: R. Mahoney, J. Cahir, Coach Stewart, J. Brown, E. Dorr
 SECOND ROW: W. Whittaker, T. Calkin, J. Fitts, J. Hill, W. O'Neil, D. Dwyer
 THIRD ROW: R. Lavoine, T. Patterson, R. Whittaker, L. Conte, L. Rouleau

Baseball

SCITUATE as co-champions of the South Shore League, opened their 1941 baseball campaign on Tuesday, April 29 at Pembroke.

Although many men were back from last year's team, there was keen competition for all berths in the squad, and Scituate should again give a good account of themselves in league competition.

Among those back are Tom Calkin, Richard Mahoney, Robert Whittaker, Pat Patterson,

Alden Mitchell, Bub Brown, John Fitts, Everett Dorr, Red Lavoine and many others.

Schedule

April 29	Scituate at Pembroke
May 2	Hanover at Scituate
May 9	Scituate at Duxbury
May 16	Scituate at Cohasset
May 23	Marshfield at Scituate
May 27	Scituate at Kingston
June 3	Norwell at Scituate



BOYS' AND GIRLS' TENNIS TEAM

FIRST ROW: P. Crowley, M. Taylor, B. Nichols, M. Hill, G. Bonomi, Miss Vines, coach, G. Wilder
 SECOND ROW: D. Condit, E. Burrows, Coach Calkin, R. Damon, G. Hersey, J. Welch

Tennis

BECAUSE of poor weather last year, Scituate High School's tennis team was able to play only three of its six scheduled matches. Of these three matches, the team won one and lost two.

This season, however, the outlook is very promising. For the first time, a South Shore Tennis League has been formed, with Milton, Braintree, Hingham, Weymouth, North Quincy, and Scituate participating. With five letter men still in school, the team should make out very well.

Last year's letter men were Captain and Manager Elmer Burrows, Dana Condit, Richard Damon, George Hersey and James Welch.

THE Scituate High girls are showing more interest in tennis each year and more girls are signing up for it. Tennis enthusiasts are always on the side line during school matches, and this is one game that only the lovers of the sport would be interested to watch from the side lines. Although the tennis program is not yet complete, our opponents for the season as scheduled are Braintree, Weymouth, and Hingham, each being played twice. There will be three singles and two doubles. We have three lettermen left from last year: Bea Nichols, Genny Wilder, and Pat Crowley. The other candidates are Milly Taylor, manager; Marion Hill, Gloria Bonomi, Joan Cole, Abbie Barnes, Pauly Sylvester, Polly Donovan, Sidy Brown.

Schedule

May 3	Scituate at Weymouth
May 13	Scituate at Hingham
May 20	Scituate at Milton
May 27	Braintree at Scituate
June 3	North Quincy at Scituate



GIRLS' HOCKEY TEAM

FIRST ROW: G. Bonomi, G. Wilder, M. Hill, A. Basmajian, B. Nichols, E. Jenkins, P. Crowley
 SECOND ROW: Manager B. Barber, P. Sylvester, M. Taylor, E. Bartlett, D. Anderson, Miss Vines

Field Hockey

Pauly Sylvester, '41

THIS year the S.H.S. girls' hockey team ranked number one on the South Shore, for the first time since hockey originated here. In nine games they were undefeated, playing against some stiff competition. Our hardest games of the season were with Marshfield and Plymouth. There were five senior girls on the team backed up by three juniors and three sophomores. High scorers were Milly Taylor with nine goals; Pauly Sylvester, five; Genny Wilder, two; Pat Crowley, one. Marion Hill's passing from the wing helped the front line score. Our strongest support was in the half-back line. Eudy Bartlett, playing center, was always on the spot when the ball arrived to do her part in passing it along, with Bea Nichols and Doris Anderson giving strong support from the side. Our total scores show the good work done by Ardemis Basmajian in the goal, and by Eleanor Jenkins and Gloria Bonomi as strong fullbacks with fast dribbles and strong passes.

The second team was almost as strong as the first, losing only one game during the season. There were many strong players on this team

who will be able to fill the vacancies left by the seniors. High scorers for the second team were Margery Herbert, a senior, with five goals to her credit; Jean Cole with two; Shirley Huntley, two; Sally Leith, one.

At the close of a very successful hockey season, we had hoped for a little recognition. Therefore we were very much pleased when our coach gave us a banquet at Hugo's.

The letter men in hockey were Pat Crowley, Milly Taylor, Pauly Sylvester, Genny Wilder, Marion Hill, Bea Nichols, Eudy Bartlett, Doris Anderson, Eleanor Jenkins, Gloria Bonomi, Ardemis Basmajian, and Betty Barber, manager.

Hockey Results

<i>First Team</i>	<i>7 wins 2 ties</i>
Oct. 2 Here Scituate 2	Plymouth 1
Oct. 7 Away Scituate 1	Braintree 1
Oct. 9 Away Scituate 2	Marshfield 0
Oct. 18 Away Scituate 3	Hingham 0
Oct. 21 Here Scituate 4	Hanover 1

(Continued on page 37)



GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

FRONT TO REAR: P. Crowley, G. Wilder, P. Sylvester, D. Anderson, J. Rouleau, J. Cole, A. Barry, manager, Coach Vines, B. Nichols, J. Brown, M. LaVange, A. Zollin, A. Basmajian, M. Taylor

Basketball

THIS year's season failed to be what we had hoped for; yet we managed to keep the scores close and the games interesting. Our hardest fought games were with Duxbury and Marshfield where the victory was decided by one point. All through the season the girls showed very good sportsmanship and played their hardest in all the games. Of the twelve lettermen, four are seniors. However, the prospects for next year's squad look very good, for Genny Wilder and Bea Nichols play a fast game as forwards with Joan Cole, Jean Arnold and Nancy Davis backing them up. Our guards have done a fine job and certainly will continue next year.

The lettermen were as follows: Milly Taylor, Joan Cole, Pauly Sylvester, Genny Wilder, Bea Nichols, Joan Rouleau, Sidy Brown, Ardemis Basmajian, Doris Anderson, Pat Crowley, Amy Zollin, Mariesta LaVange. Anne Barry, manager.

SOFTBALL

Softball is once more being brought back after a number of years. The girls have always been interested in this sport and asked if they could play it this year. There are many prospects for this sport and a great many heavy

hitters. There has been no definite schedule made out, but the following towns are to be played: Marshfield, Duxbury, and Hanover. The Junior High School is also having a team coached by some of the Senior High girls. Softball is a non-letter sport; therefore the girls play for the love of the sport rather than for the letters and awards.

Hockey Results

(Continued from page 36)

Oct. 23	Here	Scituate	1	Braintree	0
Nov. 1	Away	Scituate	2	Plymouth	2
Nov. 8	Here	Scituate	1	Marshfield	0
Nov. 20	Here	Scituate	1	Hingham	0

Hockey Results

Second Team	6 wins	1 loss	1 tie	
Oct. 2 Here	Scituate	2	Plymouth	0
Oct. 7 Away	Scituate	1	Braintree	1
Oct. 9 Away	Scituate	2	Marshfield	0
Oct. 13 Away	Scituate	1	Hingham	0
Oct. 23 Away	Scituate	1	Braintree	0
Nov. 1 Away	Scituate	0	Plymouth	1
Nov. 8 Here	Scituate	1	Marshfield	0
Nov. 20 Here	Scituate	1	Hingham	0





Anne Barry, '41

Maribeth Norton, '42

THE TRI-TOWN PLAYS

LAST November the pupils of Scituate High School once again participated in the annual Tri-Town Plays. The play which was chosen was "Two Crooks and a Lady" written by Eugene Pillot. The cast included the following pupils: Merrill Merritt Miller, the Hawk Jane Whittaker Lucille, his accomplice Eudora Bartlett Mrs. Sims-Vane, a wealthy old woman Anne Barry Mrs. Sims-Vane's companion Herbert Friese Garrity, a policeman Herbert Bearce a police inspector

This play was about a wealthy old woman and two crooks who tried to steal her valuable diamond necklace. Miller the Hawk and his accomplice, Lucille, steal the necklace, but are caught in the deed by Mrs. Sims-Vane.

This play was very well put on and the students participating did excellent work in their roles.

Miss Eleanor Gile coached the play. Miss Kingsbury helped with the costumes. Henry Madden and Tom Patterson of the manual training department made the scenery under the direction of Mr. Sandberg. Irene Jacobson was the property manager; William Schultz, the stage manager; and Margery Herbert, the prompter.

Norwell High School presented the comedy, "The Red Lamp." This was very well done by

the cast, and was judged the prize-winning play.

Marshfield presented "The Chimney Corner," which had as its background the present war. The students in the play carried out the atmosphere very effectively.

THE SENIOR CLASS PLAY

THE Senior Class selected as their play for 1941 "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer." The cast was as follows:

Alden Mitchell	Tom Sawyer
Merrill Merritt	Huck Finn
Polly Sylvester	Becky Thatcher
Eudy Bartlett	Aunt Polly
Charles Jarvis	Joe Harper
Eleanor Jenkins	Mrs. Harper
Ruth Bates	Susy Harper
Mary Vinal	Mary
Herbert Friese	Sidney
Elmer Burrows	Jim
Mildred Taylor	Widow Douglas
Robert Whittaker	Sheriff

The play was presented at the Scituate High School on April 18, 1941 at 8:00 o'clock.

This play tells of the adventures of a reckless, real boy, Mark Twain's well-known character. Miss Gile produced the play with the assistance of the following groups:

Stage Crew — Mr. Nels Sandberg assisted by Doris Anderson, Howard Burleigh, Cornelia Leith, Henry Madden, Eleanor McLean, Thomas

Patterson; Scenery — Mrs. Barbara Arnold, assisted by senior boys; Costumes — Miss Mary Kingsbury assisted by Mabel Litchfield and Dorothy Sylvester; Prompter — Constance Wade; Publicity and Tickets — Betty Barber, Jerome Crowley, Robert Spear, and Douglas Willett; Ushers — Betty Barber, Winona Chandler, Pauline Donovan, Eleanor Friese, Cornelia Leith, Amy Zollin.

ASSEMBLIES 1940 - 1941

Maribeth Norton, '42

THE pupils of Scituate High school this year have enjoyed many interesting and educational assembly programs. The first, on Friday, September 20, presented Mr. Salome Risk from the "Reader's Digest." Mr. Risk gave a very interesting talk on why he appreciates being in America.

September 26 we enjoyed a sound picture, "Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow" presented by H. J. Heinz Company. The picture told the story of canning from its earliest stages to the use of modern-day machinery.

October 10 the Quincy Orchestra gave a very inspirational program. The pupils of our school seem to enjoy especially this type of program.

October 18 Mrs. Anita Willets Burnham gave a lecture and showed films entitled "Round the World on a Penny." As this title suggests, Mrs. Burnham traveled as cheaply as possible, and she recounted her experiences in a very amusing way.

October 24 we saw Red Cross films showing the wonderful work of this organization. The pictures showed what helpful work its members perform during times of disasters.

October 31 we enjoyed hearing the Brockton Band. Most of the pupils were very enthusiastic over the band music and thought this quite an exceptional assembly.

November 8 we had as our Armistice Day speaker, Rev. Clarence G. Strippy of Hingham.

November 21 Mr. Elliot James presented one of the most interesting programs of the year on "Liquid Air."

December 5 we had a sound picture entitled "The Massachusetts Way."

December 12 all pupils enjoyed seeing a Secret Service Film, "Know Your Money" and hearing a talk by a member of the U. S. Secret Service.

December 20 we had a Christmas program in which some pupils participated. Betty Hattin, Marion Hill, and Harold Fishwick addressed

the assembly with talks on "Christmas in Other Lands": the orchestra played and there was group singing of Christmas carols.

January 9 we were entertained by Mr. and Mrs. De Matte. Mr. De Matte is an excellent juggler, and we were very much astonished by some of his acts.

January 16 we saw a Community Fund Picture and listened to an address delivered by a speaker. The school orchestra played very well at this assembly.

January 23 Aloha Baker, the world's most traveled woman, presented her program on uncivilized customs in a civilized world.

January 29 Lloyd Bemis entertained us with a lecture and colored movies. We saw beautiful pictures of restored Williamsburg, Virginia, Virginia Military Institute, and Cape Cod.

February 11 Hans Helms presented to us instrumental singing, a new musical hobby.

February 21 Mr. L. O. Cummins demonstrated to all typing pupils correct typing.

March 6 Mr. David E. Starry lectured on Jamaica Island.

March 13 the high school orchestra entertained us with various types of standard orchestral music to give pupils an appreciation of the fundamentals of music.

March 20 The Milville Shoe Corporation presented "The Story of Shoes." This was quite an educational program.

March 27 we heard Mr. Reardon, investigator of Registry of Motor Vehicles. Safety Driving certificates were presented to the pupils who had completed the driving course.

March 31 Professor Schlagenhauf of Northeastern University spoke to the junior and senior boys.

April 3 we heard the Brockton Band for the second time this year.

April 10 the pupils of our school enjoyed two sound films on New England.

April 17 Miss Dunbar of Katherine Gibbs School spoke to the junior and senior girls on "The Private Secretary." Miss Dunbar explained the qualifications, training, and opportunities of this field of work.

May 1 a quiz program was presented with the following appearing as the "board of experts": Orin Gould, Robert Spear, and Mary Vinal of the senior class; William Ayer, Edward Gilchrist, and Nancy Parker of the junior class; Patrick Butler and Maria Mansfield of the sophomore class. Alden Mitchell acted as master of ceremonies.

May 8 Dan Stiles entertained us with a lecture and films on "Maritime New England."

May 15 The Animal Rescue League showed "Peter Rabbit" to the Junior High School.

May 29 our school had its usual fine Memorial Day assembly.

Class of 1943

(Continued from page 28)

John Billings and Robert Sylvester are very much interested in radio. One day while Robert Sylvester was at his uncle's house, Admiral Byrd, at the South Pole, was contacted. They talked for about fifteen minutes and then signed off.

Patrick Butler and Jerome Walsh are amateur photographers and have taken quite a few candid shots around school. Marylou Hersey dances and rides horseback well. Genevieve Wilder also rides, but not recently she says. Maria Mansfield and Jean MacNeill are the naturalists of the class, both being interested in snakes and lizards. Marjorie Hattin has a large collection of stamps as do many others. Jean Wagner, Jerome Walsh, Howard Tindall, Patrick Butler and Lillian Santia are all members of the orchestra. Many of the Sophomores are budding artists; among these are Mary Ann Evans, Joan Rouleau, and Marjorie Hattin.

Marion Hill of our class took part in the Christmas assembly this year. Pat Butler and Maria Mansfield represented us in the Quiz Program in May. At the meeting of the Parent-Teacher Association on February 11, several sophomores took part in the fashion show. Claire Burns, Frances Conte, Virginia Dubois, Helen Gilligan, Ruth Kinsley, Dorothy Secor, Helen Stark, Cecelia Vickery, and Jean Wagner modeled dresses of different types that they had made.

On the whole, we have been well represented in the various activities of the school.

Class of 1942

(Continued from page 27)

Liam Holland, Barbara Murphy, Polly Norton, Warren Sylvester, Josephine Thatcher and George Williams. Joan Cole, Dana Condit, Everett Dorr, June Hezlitt, and Elizabeth Kane have received honorable mention.

Junior members of this year's fine orchestra are Herbert Bearce, William Bradlee, Tom Calkin, Everett Dorr, Jean Merrill, Harry Sylvester, and Warren Sylvester.

Among the other members of the class who have distinguished themselves in various ways are Robert Vickery, Christel Joneleit, Donald Dwyer, and Warren Sylvester.

Bob Vickery has won many prizes and awards through his horse-back riding. He has won sixteen ribbons and a cup from meets on the South and North Shore. He also rode in the Cohasset Hunt Club.

In bowling Donald Dwyer has won the prize of highest three string total three times. His highest score for one string is one hundred sixty. He has come within forty-eight points of the highest five string total.

Christel Joneleit recently won a dancing scholarship for two years at the Hans Weiner Studio in Boston.

Warren Sylvester is very much interested in music, and is showing unusual talent. He plays in the town band, the Plymouth Philharmonic Orchestra, and the Quincy Symphony. Last summer when he was attending the Laselle School of Music, he won a scholarship at Pine Peak, New Hampshire. He was the winner this year of the music scholarship awarded by the Norwell Village Singers in a contest open to high school students of the South Shore.

With so many and so varied abilities in our class, we can look forward to a very successful senior year.

Class of 1944

(Continued from page 29)

Quite a few of our class have hobbies. Seven people go in for making model planes and boats; six collect stamps; many like to read books; Bobby Finnie collects cacti; Jane Evans does figure-skating; Anne Jarvis likes to listen to dance orchestras; Mary Devine takes up photography; Richard Turner tinkers with autos; Mary Mahar draws pictures. Peggy Devine enjoys horse-back riding and skating; Virginia Hyatt also likes to ride horses especially in the Middle West during the summer. Robert Rouleau collects athletes' pictures; while Mary McCormack and Katherine Duffey collect pictures of movie stars; Mary Queeney and Virginia Heffernan collect foreign dolls and learn their origin; David Quinlan collects phonograph recordings; Kathryn Whittaker and Laura Brown collect toy dogs; and June Goddard collects toy elephants; Anne Lear raises and sells real puppies; while Robert Gannett has the most unusual hobby of all—he tries to avoid stepping on any cracks in the sidewalk!



ORCHESTRA

FIRST ROW: A. Butler, F. McLean, C. Stenbeck, Mr. Samuelson, R. Rencurrell, W. Sylvester, A. Page
 SECOND ROW: E. Dorr, D. Sullivan, J. Finnie, P. Butler, B. Amsden, L. Santia, J. Wagner, C. Peirce,
 V. Heffernan, M. Gillis, J. Merrill, J. Walsh, E. Burrows
 THIRD ROW: T. Calkin, R. Sylvester, L. Chadbourne, F. Hall, H. Sylvester, W. Bradlee, W. Schultz,
 H. Tindall, D. Quinlan, G. Curtis, H. Bearce

ORCHESTRA

Jeane Merrill, '42

THE orchestra this year is made up of thirty students, including some from the Junior, as well as the Senior High classes.

The Scituate High School wishes to pay a debt of gratitude to our new instructor, Mr. John Samuelson, for the splendid work he has done with the orchestra. Under his guidance, we have learned to enjoy and appreciate good music.

The orchestra has made several appearances, both in and outside of school, the following being some of the places at which we have played: the Tri-Town Plays, Christmas Program, two Assembly programs, P. T. A. Exhibition, Scituate-Marshfield Teachers' Association, Graduation of Americanization Classes, Senior Class Play, Concert of May 16, Graduation of Senior Class.

The musical event of the year was the concert of May 16 which was put on by the members of the Orchestra, Senior High Chorus, and the Junior High Glee Club. The program was as follows:

Coronation March	Meyerbeer
Fantasia in G-Major	Mozart
<i>Orchestra</i>	
Send Out Thy Light	Gounod
O Month of May	Londonderry Air
<i>Chorus and Orchestra</i>	
Clarinet solo	"Offertoire"
	<i>David Quinlan</i>
The Lorelei	Donjon
Turn Ye to Me	German
Santa Lucia	Scotch
Bendemeer's Stream	Italian
John Peel	Irish
Aloha Oe	English
Men of Harlech	Hawaiian
	Welsh
<i>Junior High School Glee Club</i>	
<i>Miss Elizabeth Giles, Accompanist</i>	
Piano solo	Prelude in C sharp Minor
	Rachmaninoff
<i>Jeane Merrill</i>	
Deep River	Negro Spiritual

(Continued on page 44)



Jeanne Hendrickson, '40

IN MEMORIAM

THE death this year of two alumni, Marilyn Logan of the class of 1938 and Gerald Schultz of the class of 1934, was a harsh blow to their many friends and classmates.

No one will ever forget the lively and helpful spirit Marilyn brought to the "Chimes" and other school activities during her years here. After graduation she came back with us to enroll as a post-graduate. From here, she went to the Waltham Nurses' Training School. We feel that Marilyn would have spread good cheer to her patients as she did to her fellow students at Scituate High.

Gerald Schultz was one of the most popular students in the Class of 1934, and his popularity did not end at graduation. Jerry was a licensed air pilot, having studied aviation at the Wiggins Terminal, East Boston Airport; and, previous to his death, he had been studying to be a commercial flyer.

CLASS OF 1940

Rachel Merritt is attending the Academy Moderne.

Suzanne Hill is employed by the R. H. White Company.

Arnold Hewett is a freshman at Harvard University.

Ernest Dorr, Hope Gurney, Helen Poland and Cora Brown are freshmen at Boston University.

Pauline Gillis is working at the Town Hall.

Cornelia Weeks is a freshman at Smith College. Barbara Condit is enrolled at the Leland Powers School.

Marguerite Fleming is a freshman at Calvin Coolidge College.

Carl Chessia is an apprentice printer at the Lincoln Press.

Cecil Leith is a freshman at the University of California.

Miriam Litchfield is a freshman at Lasell Junior College.

Jane Crowley is attending Burdett College.

Joseph Flamand is a freshman at Northeastern University.

Jean Cole is enrolled at the Fisher Business School.

James Finnie is employed at Hill's Farm.

Polly Soule is a freshman at Larson Junior College.

Mary Curran is working in the Scituate High Cafeteria.

Mary Peirce, Shirley Allen, Marjorie Davis, and Jeanne Hendrickson are taking post-graduate courses.

Sherman Gates is a freshman at Brown University.

CLASS OF 1939

Maurice Bartlett is working at Fore River.

Joseph Driscoll is a freshman at Massachusetts State College.

Angelo Foniri is a sophomore at Boston College.

David Murphy is attending the New England Conservatory of Music.

Nancy Wade is enrolled at the Peter Bent Brigham Hospital.

Ellsworth Litchfield is a freshman at Massachusetts State.

David Colman is working in California.

Chester Gurney is a freshman at Fitchburg Teachers' College.

George Yenetchi is working in Connecticut.

CLASS OF 1938

Joan Breen is a junior at Simmons College.

Nelson Kindlund is a junior at Duke University.

Atherton Hewett is at Bentley School of Accounting.

Hart Queeney is a sophomore at Lowell Textile.

Betty Franzen works at the Satuit Playhouse.

John Driscoll is at the United States Naval Academy.

Barbara Burrows is employed by the Shawmut Bank.

Dorothy Hardeastle is a junior at Mass. School of Art.

Dorothy Whittaker is Mrs. Robert Stone.

Mary Patterson is enrolled at the Carney Hospital.

Arthur Damon is stationed in Hawaii as an ensign in the United States Naval Reserve.

Louise Chessia is employed by the Liberty Mutual Insurance Co.

Jane Hill is assistant librarian at the Peirce Memorial Library.

CLASS OF 1937

Lawrence Gates is a senior at Rhode Island State College.

Helen Chicko is secretary to the district nurse. Virginia Young is employed by the Donnelly Advertising Co.

Libby Damon works for The Welch Company, Inc.

Peggy Soule is a clerk in the Christian Science Publishing Co.

Fenton Varney is studying at Northeastern.

Herbert Hands is a senior at Massachusetts State.

Grace Reynolds is a secretary at the Boston School of Occupational Therapy.

Madeleine Bailey is secretary to the Bailey Plumbing Company.

Orchestra

(Continued from page 42)

Lovely Appear "The Redemption" Gounod
Chorus and Orchestra

Excerpts from "Die Meistersinger" Gounod
Orchestra

Violin solo "Adoration" Borovsky
Marie Gillis

Neapolitan Nights Zamecnik
Indian Dawn Zamecnik

Senior H. S. Glee Club

French Horn solo Mozart
Warren Sylvester

Estudiantina Lacome
Venetian Song Tosti

Land of Hope and Glory Elgar
Chorus and Orchestra

Piano solo, Rondo in C Major from Sonata Weber
Op. 24

Elmer Burrows

Entrance of the Sirdar Ivanov
"Caucasian Sketches"

Overture — "Mosaic" Laurendeau
Orchestra

The Heavens Resound Beethoven
S. H. Chorus and J. H. Glee Club

THE PERSONNEL OF THE ORCHESTRA

The Officers . . .

Manager, Frank Hall; Assistant Manager, Robert Finnie; Librarian, Pat Butler; Assistant Librarian, Jerome Walsh; Secretary, Jeane Merrill.

The Members . . .

Jeane Merrill, Elmer Burrows, Piano; Marie Gillis, Pat Butler, Barbara Amsden, Catherine Peirce, Jean Wagner, Virginia Heffernan, Lillian Santia, Violin; Tom Calkin, Oboe and Saxophone; David Quinlan, Robert Sylvester, Charles Stenbeck, Robert Rencurrell, Clarinet; William Schultz, Howard Tindall, Frank Hall, Harry Sylvester, Trumpet; Warren Sylvester, Anne Page, Forbes McLean, Horn; Herbert Bearce, Lester Chadbourne, Trombone; Gray Curtis, Baritone; Jerome Walsh, Everett Dorr, Bass; William Bradlee, Donald Sullivan, Robert Finnie, Percussion.

There will be a twenty-five piece uniformed band in September, (we hope), to perform for concerts, school functions, and football and basketball games.

* * * *

Proprietor of mountain hotel (to newly-arrived guest): "This is your room, sir. If you want a fine view over the mountains, put a dime in the slot and the shutters will open for five minutes."



PATRICK BUTLER, '43

MATTHEW MILES, '43

JEROME WALSH, '43

Mr. Whitmore: "Well, why weren't you here at 8:30?"

Anne Stevermann: "Why, what happened then?"

* * * *

Mr. Gillespie: "Now we find that x is equal to zero."

Richie Willett: "Gee, all that work for nothing."

* * * *

A West Ender dropped his nickel into a pay telephone and lifted the receiver.

Operator: "Number, please."

W. E.: "Number, heck! I want my peanuts!"

* * * *

"How come it took you so long to finish the exam?"

"The fellow next to me stutters."

* * * *

P. G.: "Hey, what's the idea of hitting that little 7th grader when he's down?"

Senior: "G'wan, whaddya think I got him down for?"

* * * *

Pat: "See that boy over there annoying Eleanor?"

Christel: "Why, he isn't even looking at her."

Pat: "That's what's annoying her."

Tourist: (in West End) "Don't you ever get lonesome up here?"

Willy Holland: "Oh, yes, but I have a couple of good jokes I tell myself."

* * * *

Football

(Continued from page 32)

of their record of victories but also because of the sportsmanlike and clean-cut manner in which they play the game.

The squad members were as follows: Edward Anderson, Ray Brown, George Bresnahan, Merton Burbank, Dick Barnard, Luciano Conte, Dana Condit, James Dacey, Kevin Dwyer, Everett Dorr, Richard Damon, John Fallon, John Fitts, Edward Gilchrist, Charles Jarvis, Frank Hall, Alden Mitchell, Tom Patterson, Gilbert Patterson, Louis Rouleau, Jack Shone, Billy Schultz, Robert Whittaker, Wendell Whittaker, Manager Lawrence Mahoney, Assistant Manager Jerry Cahir.

Season's Record

Scituate	6	Dighton	7
Scituate	26	Farm and Trade	0
Scituate	24	Cohasset	14
Scituate	33	Randolph	0
Scituate	14	Case	0
Scituate	27	Hanover	7
Scituate	20	Marshfield	0



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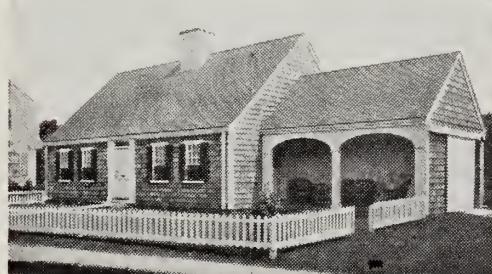
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